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JUNE 23, 1958

DEMOCRACY'S LABORATORY
in
Latin America

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Bernard Sayran

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GOVERNOR MUÑOZ MARIN

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VOL. LXXI NO. 25



WRITE NEW ENGLAND LIFE, BOSTON 27, FOR A LARGER COLOR PRINT OF THIS PAINTING

A better life for you

One of the thousands of readers who have written for reprints, as offered above, added this note:

"About 60 years ago I took out a policy in your company. I left the dividends with you and, as the years rolled by, I took out additional insurance to protect my family. I have never regretted doing so. It made a better life for me."

Such comments serve to underscore the liberal provisions found in the New England Life contract: early dividends, rapid growth of cash values, wide choice of benefits, and the superior change of plan clause, for example.

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NEW ENGLAND
Mutual **LIFE** Insurance Company
 BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL
 LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA • 1838



Why Zenith TV owners have less service headaches



The answer is a handcrafted chassis that uses no production short cuts

Today there are two different methods used in making television chassis—and this difference is important to you.



No printed circuits in Zenith TV Chassis

At Zenith each chassis is assembled by hand. Each circuit is wired and soldered by hand, and then individually tested and inspected.

Most other television sets are made with printed circuits—circuits of metallic foil applied in intricate patterns to a plastic board and run off by the thousands.

It costs Zenith more to build a TV set—but you get more!

Printed circuits are a production short cut. Naturally, it costs more to assemble a television set by hand. But Zenith believes it is worth the extra cost to assure you better, more dependable TV performance—less service headaches.

In printed circuit TV any weakness in the original pattern is automatically transferred, in the printing process, to every copy. These weaknesses are difficult to detect—often become apparent

only after the set has been in operation for some time. Also the "board" on which the circuit is printed is fragile, more subject to damage from jars or shocks, as opposed to wires which are flexible and absorb shock easily.

Repairs of printed circuit TV sets are slow and costly. Just one example: when trouble develops in sets with printed circuits the brittle board on which the circuits are printed sometimes breaks and must be completely replaced.

Knowing the operating dependability—the freedom from slow and costly repairs and the comparative freedom from repairs of any kind—that is built into every Zenith TV, at no additional cost to you, is it any wonder that more people are buying Zenith TV today than ever before in Zenith's history?

ZENITH

THE QUALITY GOES IN BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS
Also makers of Radio, High-Fidelity Instruments and fine Hearing Aids.
40 years of experience in radioelectronics exclusively.

LETTERS

Warmth for Alaska

Sir: Congratulations on your fine cover picture of Alaska's Governor Steppovich and the comprehensive article [June 9]. We regret that the roll-call bell did not interrupt him while he was eating a sandwich of our excellent Alaska halibut instead of the variety of seafood you mentioned.

VERNON AND MILDRED COUNTER
Petersburg, Alaska

Sir:

Would Canada consider selling a corridor through to Alaska? Would the U.S. buy it?

C. DANOU

Chicago

Sir:

Certainly Alaska deserves statehood, but your story and the popular *Ice Palace* (Edna Ferber might still have the bestselling habit, but she certainly does not have the feel for Alaska) fail to convey the warmth and fighting spirit which govern the people.

JOSEPH MCCLAUGHLIN

Westbury, N.Y.

Sir:

Congratulations to Alaska for her alert-looking, clear-eyed, virile sons, native or adopted. The contrast between their expressions and the Beat Generation pictures (in the Books section) is most impressive.

BARBARA WILSON

Milford, N.H.

Men, Women & Children

Sir:

I have been trying to figure out why the U.S.S.R. has slowly but surely been getting the upper hand in world leadership. Your June 2 cover story on Soviet Scientist Nesmeyanov helped me a lot in this respect. In the same issue, however, two photographs gave me a possible clue. One showed five U.S. Governors bowling with pineapples and coconuts, the other showed fifth-graders "playing" at biology in Leningrad.

JUSTUS LEWY

Rio de Janeiro

Sir:

In your excellent article you failed to mention the fact that the U.S.S.R. is utilizing its best female as well as male brains, and is unique in its representation of the feminine gender in scientific pursuits.

MARTHA ELLIS

New Orleans

Hospital for Bulls?

Sir:

In your otherwise fine June 2 article on Dr. Giménez Guinea, you said that Manolete died from a ruptured femoral artery. This is not so. My source? Dr. Giménez Guinea. I've been under his care here for the last 13 days after suffering an 8-in.-deep horn wound given me by a two-year-old animal while practicing. Like Manolete's wound, the horn missed my femoral by a centimeter but stopped short of the cluster of smaller veins and arteries in the groin, which is what did Manolete in.

BARNABY CONRAD

Madrid

Sir:

Re the Sanatorio de los Toreros: May we assume that the Spaniards also maintain a hospital for horses goaded by the bulls?

H. SIDLEY

Nuevo, Calif.

Sir:

I also hope the bull recovers.

JAMES A. SINCLAIR

Centerville, La.

No Business Like

Sir:

I was quite pleased and impressed with your May 26 article regarding the second generation in motion pictures. There are some third and fourth generations in the American theater. I fall into the category



KEENAN & WYNN (1924)

Culver Service



KEENAN & WYNN (1935)

of the third. My grandfather, Frank Keenan, who came from the stage, was a big star in silent pictures; I am sure that my father, Ed Wynn, needs no introduction, and I have been in pictures for the last 15 years.

KEENAN WYNN

Los Angeles

¶ For a look at Grandfather Keenan, Father Wynn and Reader Wynn, see cuts.—Ed.

Money & Madison Avenue

Sir:

Adman Charles Brower [June 2] laments that when the thrill has gone out of buying and pride out of ownership, we'll be "headed for something worse than a mere depression . . . that none of us are going to enjoy." When that millennium is reached, perhaps we'll rediscover the real values of life, which are far removed from the marketplace.

PAT JOHNSTON

New York City

Sir:

Put Brower on a salary of \$90 a week, raising four kids, and he'll play a different tune.

M. H. BROOKS

Pitman, N.J.

Sir:

The fact that U.S. citizens no longer take as much pleasure in material luxuries, i.e., clothes and cars, is a healthy sign. Other nations will respect us for raising our standards.

EILEEN THOMPSON

Lewisburg, Pa.

Vertical Frontier

Sir:

Again, in "Outward Bound" [May 26], you have scored with your characteristic succinct, fascinating and understandable presentation on space medicine. A few years ago you kindled the interest of your readers in this subject with "The Vertical Frontier" [Oct. 11, 1954]. On behalf of this association, of which practically all the scientists you mention are members, thank you for such lucid scientific reporting.

M. S. WHITE, M.D.

President

Aero Medical Association
Marion, Ohio

Sir:

What this specialty of aviation medicine needs is a good scientific term for weightlessness.

ROBERT J. BENFORD, M.D.

Editor

The Journal of Aviation Medicine
Washington, D.C.

¶ What the language needs is more readily understood scientific terms. What's wrong with weightlessness?—Ed.

Era of Good Feeling?

Sir:

Re Theologian Weigel's remark concerning the size of Protestant church congregations [June 2]: at the church where I worship, we are too busy ushering in some 5,000 people (half of whom are under 40) to the morning services to think about what the Catholic church "across the street" might be doing. All of this without the benefit of candles, liturgy, vestments or statues. Merely a personal devotion to Jesus Christ.

ROBERT CARRELLI

South Gate, Calif.

Those Cars

Sir:

I never looked my car over good before I took it—that was my biggest mistake. When I asked the salesman why there were big cracks between the trunk lid and the body, he said that the water was supposed to run down the cracks and out. The dashboard rattles and squeaks, and the chrome is rusting.

ROLAND JORGENSEN

Cincinnati

Sir:

I have treated more than one case of completely disrupted nerves due to the unreliability and just plain junkiness of U.S.-made automobiles. In fact I have been my own patient over the same thing on a few occasions.

J. N. BYRD JR., M.D.

Silver City, N. Mex.

Sir:

I have just returned from a Scout camp-out. In my Detroit monster, I packed five boys and their gear. It was a little crowded. I guess those loudmouthed enthusiasts for the half-pint foreign cars either don't have families, or they let some other father take their sons to camp-outs.

ROBERT GUY O'HARA

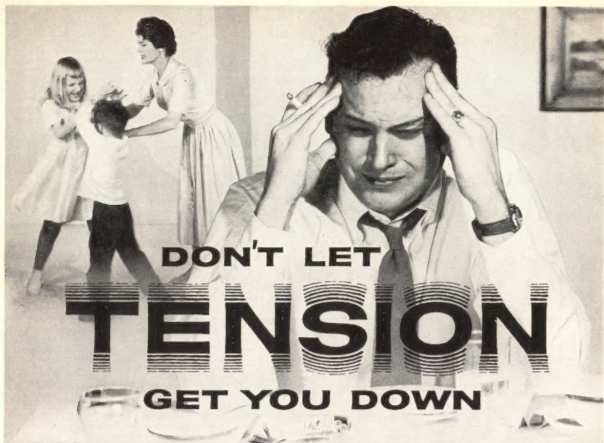
Ferguson, Mo.

Below the Summit

Sir:

In the May 19 issue, TWX referred, in connection with Dean Acheson's speech at Detroit, to "the hand-wringers of his own party (including . . . State Department key man, George Kennan) who insist on the international summit conference even if held on propaganda-serving Soviet terms."

The only public statement I can recall making on this subject in recent years was in



DON'T LET TENSION GET YOU DOWN

**Sleep it away on the modern mattress
that helps you unwind overnight!**

It's been a tough day at the office—hurry, hurry, hurry every minute.

No wonder day's end finds you tired, beat — and *still* wound up. No wonder TENSION—and its effect on the heart—is an alarming matter of medical record.

True you can't avoid tension during the day—but if you can't unwind overnight, as nature intended — your old mattress may be to blame.

Millions find an answer in the new AIRFOAM mattress. It relieves tension as

no ordinary mattress can. Being one continuous unit of specially molded latex it supports *all* of you, firms up where weight is heaviest, and—in addition—fills in and supports those tension zones ordinary mattresses miss. Every tired inch of you is literally "floated" into deep, restoring sleep.

Want the proof? At any store featuring ENGLANDER Bedding, ask about a 30-Night Free Trial. Goodyear, Foam Products Division, Akron 16, Ohio.



The Sleep that's 3-Layers Deep—gentle AIRFOAM (1) is next to you. Below, in the ENGLANDER Red-Line Foundation, are two levels of coils—resilient level (2) and firm level (3) —to give you extra levels of relaxation.

Airfoam MADE ONLY BY **GOOD YEAR**

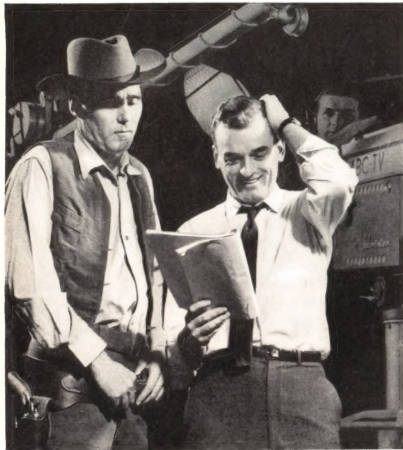
Englander

RED-LINE FOUNDATION

30-NIGHT FREE TRIAL! Ask at stores featuring ENGLANDER Bedding—or write: Goodyear, Box 11, Akron 16, Ohio.

Airfoam—T.M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio
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WOMEN SAY "DEODORANT"
MEN SAY TRIG



Now! A man's way to check perspiration odor — no mess, no trickle, no crumbling!

Mister, don't miss this one. It's for men—the scent, the color, the works. Trig rolls on, quick and easy. Trig goes straight to work—underarm hair can't block it. Trig works a full 24 hours. Remember this: Women say "deodorant"... men say Trig.



*It's
on
the
ball*

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

the course of one of the Reith Lectures, delivered last fall in London over the BBC. Here I said: "... I would not wish to say that there is never a time for summit meetings. There is a time for almost everything in the strange world of diplomacy. But surely, if the usefulness of these senior figures is to be protected and the raising of false hopes avoided, such meetings should occur, if at all, at the end of the negotiating process, and for the purpose of formalizing agreements already arrived at, rather than at the beginning and as a means of starting the wearisome process of accommodation..." It is not the hectic encounters of senior statesmen under the spotlight of publicity which we need; it is the patient, quiet, orderly use of the regular channels of private communication between governments..."

GEORGE F. KENNAN

Oxford, England

¶ Pundit Kennan has been criticized by Dean Acheson (his former boss) for being opposed to a strongly armed NATO and in favor of neutralization of Central Europe, but he should not have been included in the summit-at-the-Soviet-price group. **TIME** erred.—**ED.**

Time & Again

Sir:

Re the world-affairs course at San Leandro (Calif.) High School: At 18, I am already an old **TIME** reader and your magazine as my own world-affairs course. I think Mrs. Levine's idea is great. I wish I had the opportunity to join her class.

MARGARET B. LLOYD

London

Old School Togs

Sir:

Your recent article on the British school-girl's uniform annoyed me intensely. There is nothing smarter than a box-pleated gym slip, fresh white blouse and colored tie. True, the stockings are not glamorous, but think of the English climate. Give me the English school-girl type to the overpainted sweater girl and sloppy bobby-soxer of the States.

JOYCE DE NEUMAN

Mexico City

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 June 23, 1958

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TIME, JUNE 23, 1958



Refreshing as a mountain brook

Soft drinks are so delicious and so handy in cans . . . for picnics, a day at the beach, or in your own backyard. They chill so quickly. No bother with empties. And so many tasty flavors now come in handy cans. "Tin" cans are actually 99 per cent steel, thin sheets of steel coated with sparkling tin. Bethlehem is a leading supplier to can manufacturers.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



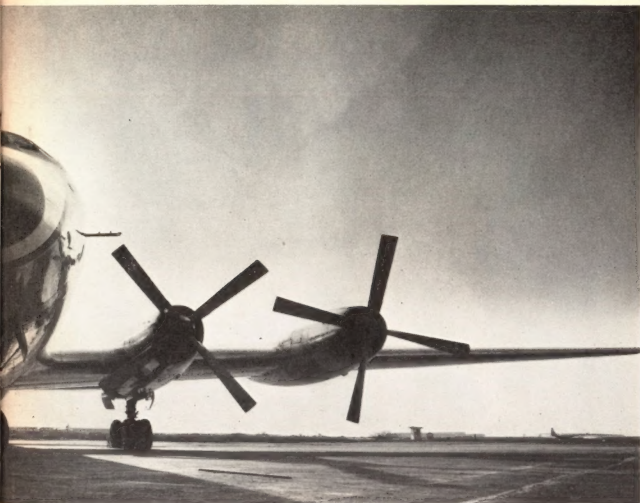


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THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE CO (USA) INC, 400 PARK AVENUE, NY 22, NY



Mighty new "Whispering Giant" ... fastest, smoothest, quietest

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...until you've flown the new jet-prop Britannia

You've never flown so swiftly, so smoothly before. The new Britannia is the first jet-age giant to serve America . . . the largest, fastest and quietest airliner in world service today. There is no more rewarding or relaxing way to travel. You soar high in the calm upper air, loafing along at speeds up to seven miles a minute. There is no noise nuisance or fatiguing piston vibration. No weather worries.

It is calm, soothing, quiet. You arrive fully rested and refreshed.

Travel by magnificent Britannia from New York to Mexico City, London, Europe and the Middle East—via Aeronaves, BOAC or EL AL . . . from Vancouver to Amsterdam, non-stop trans-polar—via Canadian Pacific. And soon on the routes of Cubana de Aviacion.

The world's most relaxing way to travel

LIBERTY MUTUAL®

The Company that stands by you®



Car dives into excavation

Who was to blame? You saw bad trouble ahead . . . Liberty's prompt help protected you

You were driving along Elm Street. You turned into the middle lane to pass a "Men Working" sign. Horn screeching, a car banged your fender and rocketed past. It hit a patch of ice and skidded dizzily across the street. Then it jumped the sidewalk, smashed through a guard fence and plunged thirty feet into a building excavation. Several people were hurt.

Would you be blamed? You saw visions of a tough lawsuit and heavy damages. You called Liberty Mutual immediately. The Liberty claimsman got on the job quickly, rounded up facts to defend you. Liberty trained him to handle just such an emergency as yours.

Liberty Mutual's reputation as *the company that stands by you* is based on unhesitating support when trouble strikes. This fine service is actually thrifty. Our most recent dividend was 15%.



Big dividends paid are one good reason thousands of U. S. car owners have switched to Liberty when their old policies expired. 70% of our policyholders, in fact, have come to us from other companies. To get Liberty's direct service, fine protection, just write or phone. We'll take care of the rest.

*Except on Assigned Risks and Mass. Compulsory Coverage.



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Insurance for: Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime

9



Bell System cable splicer Francis E. Crawley at work with his electric probe in South Bend, Indiana

The wedding of the wires



"HAPPY KIDS DON'T GO WRONG." That's why Frank Crawley devotes so much of his spare time to the young people of South Bend. Here he fits a softball mask for his twin sons Jerry and Cary. Frank is active in Cub Scout work; Mrs. Crawley is an Assistant Den Mother.

Bell System cable splicer F. E. Crawley is one of thousands of highly skilled people who help keep your telephone service at peak efficiency.

The wires that carry your voice when you telephone are enclosed with as many as 4200 others in a cable. As a city grows, it is necessary to add more wires. These new wires have to be spliced in on existing circuits.

This is no easy task. Which wire goes with which? To find out, it takes a trained technician like "Frank" Crawley.

Here's how it's done. An oscillating tone is put on a pair of wires (a circuit). Feeling around in the copper haystack with his electric probe, Frank makes contact with two wires which produce

"beeps" in his headpiece. He knows that he's found one part of the circuit.

Having found the corresponding two wires by the same method, it is a simple matter to "marry" the loose ends - and so on with all the wires in the cable.

Frank is not only a good cable splicer, but a good citizen. He is Assistant Cubmaster, Pack 318, Cub Scouts, of which his twin boys Jerry and Cary are members. He is active in Church League junior softball, serving as Assistant Manager. He owns his own home, which he remodeled himself.

The Bell System is proud of Frank Crawley, and of the thousands of telephone people like him who are helping to create ever-better telephone service and an ever-greater America.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Adams v. Adams

If there was one element of his crusade for the presidency that General Dwight Eisenhower felt more deeply than all the others, it was his personal determination to do what he could to preserve and increase public respect for the integrity of the White House. If there was one Eisenhower accomplishment that Democrats and Republicans could agree on, it was that a stern White House code—far tougher than the code of congressional politics that Harry Truman brought down the hill from the Senate—had erased the petty stains of mink coats, freezers and influence peddling. This week Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams, a tough, rock-like symbol and chief enforcement officer of the code, stood before it for judgment.

In Congress, Adams' acceptance of small gifts and favors from an old Boston friend (see Investigations) would have caused scarcely a ripple, his dutiful referrals of his friend to the proper federal investigative agencies would have been the mark of a Congressman taking good care of a constituent. But nobody knew better than honest Sherman Adams that the White House code was the underpinning of far more than an election platform. It was the base of the President's tremendous moral authority in the nation and the world. The code—and the authority—could be no more lustrous than the record of the chief enforcement officer, and in violating it Sherman Adams had committed a grave impropriety.

The President left it squarely up to Adams to decide his future. If Adams applied his own rules, he could logically reach no other conclusion than that he should resign.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Broken Rule

Around the White House offices somber-faced staffers tiptoed across the squares of linoleum tile, whispered out their business as if some member of the official family were seriously ill. There was no laughter; tension ran higher than at any time since Dwight Eisenhower's heart attack. In the spacious, green-carpeted corner office, only 30 paces from the President's own, worked Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams, 59, briskly shuffling papers, softly snapping monosyllabic orders as he had since the day

that he became Dwight Eisenhower's chief of staff in January 1953.

But Sherman Adams, the White House and the U.S. knew that things would never be the same again, Adams was the man who decried the influence peddling of the Truman Administration, the stern moralist who had banished Republicans from the Administration at the first hint of errant behavior, the walking book of ethics dedicated to keeping the Eisenhower Administration spotless, as Candidate Eisenhower put it in 1952, "clean as a hound's tooth." This same Sherman Adams was now being held up in headlines from coast to coast as a man who lent his influence to a friend in trouble with Government agencies. Neither the secondhand reassurances of the President nor the rear-guard action of Presidential Press Secretary James Hagerty could do very much to take the sensation out of the story.

Adams was pinpointed by two investigators of the House Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight. They turned up in Boston a month ago, took time out to follow up a tip to look at the books of the stately Sheraton Plaza Hotel. They hit pay dirt: on a dozen occasions between 1955 and May 1958, members of the Adams family stayed at the Sheraton Plaza and racked up total board and food tabs of nearly \$2,000. The bills, the investigators found, were paid in full by a millionaire Boston textile manufacturer and real estate man named Bernard Goldfine (see box).

Then, back in Washington, the committee put together the other end of the story, turned up three instances of Goldfine's benefiting from his friendship with Sherman Adams:

¶ On Dec. 30, 1953, Adams called Federal Trade Commission Chairman Edward F. Howrey to ask for the source of an FTC complaint against Goldfine for putting a "90% wool, 10% vicuña" label on cloth that actually contained some nylon.

¶ On April 14, 1955, when Goldfine was investigated again on the same charge, Adams got him an appointment to meet Chairman Howrey. Once there, Goldfine waved the Adams name like a magic sledge hammer. "Please get Sherman Adams on the line for me," he ordered, loud enough for nearby FTC staffers to hear. "Sherm, I'm over at the FTC," he said on the telephone. "I was well received over here."

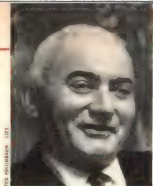
¶ The next year, Adams asked White House Special Counsel Gerald Morgan to check with Securities and Exchange



ADAMS AT THE WHITE HOUSE
As if someone were seriously ill.

Commission lawyers to see why Goldfine's East Boston Co. was under investigation.

Even after his telephone act at FTC, Goldfine found three of his companies slapped with "cease and desist" orders on their label violations. Nor had the committee proved by week's end that Adams had in fact done his friend any good in any of his Government troubles. Be that as it may, Goldfine understood how the Adams friendship let him wheel and deal. "He told me," testified Goldfine's latter-day enemy John Fox, publisher of the Boston *Post*, in court in April, "that as long as he had Sherman Adams in his pocket he could do it." An old hand at politics, Adams knew Washington well,



UP FROM EAST BOSTON

The Man Who Was Friend to Politicians

Into the public eye last week swam a wealthy, aggressive Bostonian whose fortune brought friends, and whose friends brought him unexpected fame. His name: Bernard Goldfine, 67, textile and real estate tycoon.

Up from Steerage. In the spring of 1897, Bernard, then 7½, landed with his mother from the old Rotterdam's steerage to take up residence in the tenement slums of East Boston. Bright little Bernie skipped every other grade at Lyman Grammar School, put in a year at Mechanic Arts High School before a brother's death made him pick up a breadwinner's load in his close, protective Jewish family. To get his first job at the age of 14, he started one morning in the center of Boston's business district and, methodically seeking out each proprietor, worked his way halfway across town by 4 p.m. when Billy Hand the Hatter put up \$3 a week for him to deliver hats. "Any young man who would do what you have done today," said Billy, "deserves a job."

On the Way. When his father started up a junkyard, young Bernie lugged scrap metal stowed away nickels from his own pay for his account in the Boston Five Cents Savings Bank until, at 19, he had \$1,200 to start his own business. He formed a partnership (Strathmore Woolen Co.) with a young Scottish friend who happened to be a nephew of a Maine millowner—and able to open doors to other mill bosses around the region.

"You have to start small, work hard and do what you can," said Bernie Goldfine who did well enough in World War I to start buying mills for himself. His loose-woven little empire (now grown to six mills employing 1,372 in Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts and New Hampshire) never became a major factor in the industry, but it gave him the funds to begin major investments in real estate in mid-Depression. One day he heard that Western Union wanted to build on a choice block near the financial district, so he bought a corner building as a toe hold, quietly worked out a deal with Western Union to pick up the rest of the property on percentage. His profit: \$125,000.

He picked up other choice buys over the years, acquired a pair of real estate companies, East Boston Co. and Boston Port Development Co., and land later to be developed for expansion of the city's tiny airport. As he rounded out his first million, he bought a fashionable home for his wife and four children in suburban Chestnut Hill.

On the Rise. Social connections were harder to make than money, but he worked at it and discovered friendships to be quick and warm among the political officials in the states where he had plants. "You operate in the state and you have problems," he told a TIME correspondent last week. "Who do you go to? Why, you go to your Congressman or your Senator or to your Governor, not to some schmo." He found the welcome warmest among politicians to whose campaigns he had contributed, and "always supported my friends as I could within my means."

A sample of how hard he would work for "one of my very dear friends" came in the Massachusetts gubernatorial campaign of 1952 when Democratic Incumbent Paul A. Dever ("May God rest his soul") was being attacked by the Boston Post. Goldfine's simple effort; he extended a \$400,000 line of credit to the paper's owner, capricious Bay Wonder John Fox, on condition that the Post make a last-minute switch to support Dever. (It did, but Dever lost anyway.) "I regarded it as a favor to the Governor," says Goldfine. "How could it be any other way? I gave it at 3%."

In 1951 Goldfine hired a Manhattan pressagent to help him stage an "Anti-Hard Times Conference." Aboard Goldfine-furnished chartered planes New England's Governors landed at Montpelier, Vt., to be greeted by 19-gun salutes, a joint session of the legislature, tours to nearby Strathmore woolen mills and learned dinner talks on how other businessmen should imitate Owner Goldfine. Among the honored guests was one of Bernie Goldfine's oldest and dearest friends, New Hampshire's Governor Sherman Adams. Other New England politicians whom he warmly befriended, New Hampshire's Republican Senators Styles Bridges ("one of my very best friends") and Norris Cotton (who owns 10% of Goldfine's Lebonale Mills), Maine's Republican Senator Frederick Payne ("I knew him when he was mayor of Augusta"), Massachusetts' Democratic Governor Foster Furcolo. "In picking winners," says Goldfine with a grin, "I've been very fortunate."

In the Swim. Eccentric Bernard Goldfine gets up late, drives around Boston in one of his two chauffeured black Cadillacs and constantly calls on the radiotelephone to the loyal women workers at his garment-district office with the false alarm that he will be there any minute. They know better, do not expect him until 6 p.m. when he usually begins the day's work, winding up with his office callers about midnight. No cheapskate, he hands out \$50,000 a year to charities, spends untold thousands on legal advice.

"He doesn't have a lawyer, he's got a bar association," cracks one Boston barrister. Goldfine took considerable pride in having stylish cloth woven at Vermont's North-Hill Mills out of the wool from South America's vicuñas, getting it tailored into coats for friends such as Adams and Payne. By his standards his was the open honest hand of friendship, and what he got in return was only the kind of help one friend would render another. Says one of his closest Boston friends: "He's a name dropper and a Scotch drinker, and he has a weakness of talking too much, dropping too many names and things." By last weekend his lavish hand and careless tongue had dropped considerably the name of the best of his friends, Sherman Adams.

GOVERNOR FURCOLO



SENATOR BRIDGES



SENATOR PAYNE



SENATOR COTTON



and he would have been an unknown man indeed not to realize that interest on the part of the "Assistant President" could carry potential weight.

Just Friends. Adams had gone off to New Hampshire to deliver a baccalaureate address to Holderness school (for boys) on "the questions the Bible tells us shall be asked on Judgment Day" when the House investigators introduced into evidence photostatic copies of Adams' paid-up hotel bills. He secretly slipped into Boston for a three-hour lunch with Old Friend Bernie Goldfine. Then he flew back to Washington to draw up a 766-word statement to the House subcommittee, sent it to the President, who, Press Secretary Hagerty announced, "thinks that these are the full facts."

"Since your committee," Adams wrote the subcommittee's chairman, Arkansas' Oren Harris, "has chosen to make public the extent of entertaining of myself and my family on the part of an old friend . . . and has insinuated that because of this entertaining or this friendship Mr. Goldfine has received on my intercession favored treatment from federal agencies, I feel that I should set the record straight."

"I categorically deny such insinuations. They are unwarranted and unfair."

He reviewed each case of intervention, said that he had asked and got only information and, since there had been no influence on Government, there had been no peddling of influence. He had believed that the hotel suite was rented permanently by a Goldfine company, would have just been empty if he had not used it.

"Mrs. Adams and I have known Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Goldfine for well over 15 years," he wrote. "We have entertained them in our home, and they have entertained us in theirs. We have had a close personal relationship."*

Hollow Stand. After handing out the Adams statement, Press Secretary Hagerty fought doggedly through two press conferences to defend Adams before a White House press corps in full cry. Hagerty hewed hard to the line laid down by Adams: no influence was exerted, so the hotel hospitality was a matter of personal and private friendship.

"Does this indicate a departure from the Administration's previous attitude toward free-loading by high officials?" Hagerty: "I don't know what you mean by that. . . . This is a personal friend, if that's what you're talking about." Reporter: "It's all right for a personal friend?" Hagerty: "I stick with the letter that the Governor issued. The facts are they are."

The Adams-Goldfine friendship got a thorough going-over. Privately Adams re-

membered how he and his wife Rachel, trying for a little balance in their relationship with the free-spending Goldfine, once gave Goldfine a gold watch and at other times some of Mrs. Adams' oil paintings. But newsmen were more interested in a rumor (it was true) that Goldfine bought the Adamses a \$2,400 Oriental rug from Macy's, and had a tailor make Adams a vicuña coat worth at least \$500 retail (wholesale cost to Goldfine: about \$250).

Congressional Democrats, battered for years by the corruption-in-Government issue, said remarkably little aloud but smiled at each day's news. They would not soon forgive Adams for such few but flinty campaign speeches as his January 1952 "Augean Stables" attack on Truman



Associated Press
INVESTIGATOR HARRIS
A bite in the hound's tooth.

and the promise that Eisenhower would clean up federal corruption: "Here is the man to do it. The kind of people with whom he has surrounded himself is answer enough to that."

"I am tired of pious preaching from Sherman Adams," said titular Party Leader Adlai Stevenson on the eve of his trip to Moscow. "This is not the only example of hypocrisy in the Administration." Florida's Senator George Smathers and Michigan's presidential hopeful, Governor "Soapy" Williams, solemnly echoed the hypocrisy issue.

Day by Day. The bitterest pill of all was the general Republican disapproval. A sort of "abominable no-man" to Eisenhower loyalists in need of favors from the Federal Government, Adams was the tough cop many could admire but few tried to like. Now that he himself was in trouble, many remembered his relentless judgment against Air Force Secretary Harold Talbott, who once or twice solicited business for his efficiency-engineering firm on official Air Force stationery. Talbott and others had gone out complaining that the implacable Adams never gave

them a chance to square up things, clear their names.

Delaware's hound's-tooth polisher, Republican John J. Williams, led a parade of five Republican Senators provisionally suggesting an Adams resignation. The other four: Arizona's Barry Goldwater, Michigan's Charles Potter, Maryland's Glenn Beall, Minnesota's Ed Thye, California's Bill Knowland tagged along, intoning that "the facts should be completely disclosed."

Back at the White House at week's end, while the President golfed at Gettysburg, Adams wrestled with his conscience. "It'll be a tough gale to ride out," said one top White House aide. "They are just going to hound him until he has to leave," said Rachel Adams to the *Minneapolis Tribune*. Adams himself worked away on a day-to-day basis, well knowing that the final decision would have to be his alone. One thing he had already decided: if, after a careful measuring of headlines and political forces, it looked as though his continued presence would seriously damage the Administration he had served, he would put on his hat and walk out.

THE CONGRESS Toward Freer Trade

An expectant stillness, the silence of men aware that they are witnesses at a moment of history, gripped the House of Representatives one morning last week as members waited for Speaker Sam Rayburn to announce the result of the roll-call vote on the session's most important bill. "The yeas were 317," he intoned. "and the nays were 98." Members gasped and whistled: the House had passed the Administration's reciprocal trade bill by a surprisingly decisive margin.

The House had done much more than okay another lease on life for the Trade Agreements Act, originally passed in 1934 and extended ten times since. Taking a long stride toward freer trade and away from isolationism, the House extended the act for five years instead of the previous maximum of three, granted the President broader trade powers than ever before, including authority to pare tariffs by as much as 10% in a single year (but not more than 25% over the five years). "This is an historic action," said Arkansas Democrat Wilbur D. Mills, the Democratic strategist who guided the bill to victory. "It tells the world that we are not pulling back."

Early this year, with the U.S. worried about unemployment at home, the outlook for freer trade seemed bleak. Only three weeks before the House voted, it looked as if the Administration bill was still in serious trouble. What routed the protectionists against apparent odds was a shrewd, hard-hitting campaign waged by an alliance between the Administration and House leaders of both parties. The major influences:

Dwight Eisenhower labeled reciprocal trade one of the session's three "imperatives," pleaded his case in speeches, meetings with congressional leaders, private sessions with visitors. He got influential

* Said Major General Harry H. Vaughan, Truman aide, to a congressional investigating committee on Aug. 30, 1949: "The freezers . . . were a gift from two old friends of mine. This gift was an expression of friendship and nothing more. There is absolutely no connection between this gift and any assistance I have given these friends. At no time have I taken action as a member of the White House staff in exchange for a gift or other favor."

businessmen to send the Congressmen letters plugging the bill. He supplied Democrat Mills and House Minority Leader Joseph W. Martin with powerful ammunition: individual letters from the President warning that adoption of the Simpson bill would be a "tragic blunder."

The White House put so much behind-the-scenes heat on wavering Republican Congressmen (who voted 2 to 1 for the bill) that baffled Tariff Lobbyist Oscar R. Strackbein, after betting a month before on a victory for the protectionists, glumly observed: "I have never seen such pressure since the days of Franklin Roosevelt." In the last days before the floor debate, Republicans trudged into Dick Simpson's office to ask him to release them from their promises to vote with him. A vote against reciprocal trade, one explained, would cost him White House support for a bill that he badly wanted for his district. Other helpful Administration tactics: weakening the tariff urge among Congressmen from oil and mining states by announcing a program of voluntary oil-import curbs and a plan to stockpile up to 150,000 tons of U.S.-mined copper (see BUSINESS).

Wilbur Mills, one of Capitol Hill's ablest legislators and a likely prospect to succeed Rayburn as Democratic Speaker, staked his prestige on the Administration bill, although a defeat on the floor could have damaged his speakership prospects. Although Ways & Means Chairman Mills was sometimes tempted to settle for a weaker, safer bill, he pushed the full Administration bill through his committee when the Administration refused to back down, conceded the protectionists only two minor amendments.

In steering the bill to the final overwhelming vote, Mills showed a fine flair for strategy. The gravest danger to any reciprocal trade bill is not that it will be killed outright but that it will be thrown open to log-rolling, high-tariff amendments on the floor. In 1955, reciprocal trade escaped this fate by only a single vote. To avoid the danger, Mills made a risky deal with Pennsylvania Republican Richard M. Simpson, the House's No. 1 protectionist. Simpson agreed to a "closed rule," i.e., no floor amendments, and Mills in return agreed to let Simpson propose his own substitute bill on the floor of the House. Mills gambled that Simpson would present a bill too harsh for the House to swallow. Simpson did just that, lost by a vote of 234 to 147.

Joe Martin used his leverage as minority leader to pry many a House Republican out of the Simpson camp. He also brought off a coup that wrecked Dick Simpson's strategy. As his final shot, in case his substitute bill failed to carry, Simpson planned to offer a motion to send the Administration bill back to committee with instructions to report out a three-year compromise bill. Aware that a lot of Congressmen would find this middle way appealing, Wilbur Mills thought up a gambler's ploy, asked Joe Martin to execute it. The scheme: persuade New York's ancient (82) Republican Dan Reed

to pull his seniority on Simpson and offer a simple—but too drastic—motion to recommit the bill, i.e., kill it for this session. Since only one motion to recommit could be offered under House rules, Reed's motion would block Simpson's. Playing on Reed for three days, Martin patiently lured him into the trap. It worked. The House slapped Reed down, 268 to 146.

Sinclair Weeks, as Secretary of Commerce, tirelessly argued the Administration case on Capitol Hill in a five-month campaign. The Administration chose Weeks as the No. 1 salesman in a deliberate effort to get the "foreign policy" tag off reciprocal trade and stress the program's value to the U.S.'s own economy. At Weeks' orders, Assistant



RAYBURN (FRONT) & MILLS
The free world was strengthened.

Commerce Secretary Henry Kearns drafted reports detailing in hard figures how foreign trade helps various congressional districts—and each Congressman got a copy of the report on his district. When stubborn Henry Kearns rubbed Congressmen the wrong way, Deputy Under Secretary of State Douglas Dillon moved in quietly and effectively to smooth things over. A longtime high-tariff man, ex-Massachusetts Manufacturer (United-Carr Fastener Corp.) Weeks was all the more valuable a campaigner because he is Washington's most conspicuous example of an old protectionist converted to the freer trade cause by the eloquence of facts.

Working together, these four helped bring about one of the House's finest hours. Said ex-Protectionist Weeks accurately after the voting: "This nation's and the free world's hopes for unity, economic power and lasting peace are strengthened by today's great action."

Incurable Habit

Though he is supposed to be serving as Senate spokesman for the Administration and the Republican Party, California's Minority Leader William Fife Knowland has an apparently incurable habit of throwing his burly body in the way of Administration proposals. He persisted in his ways even after he became a half-lame duck by deciding to resign from the Senate and run for Governor of California next November. And his poor showing in California's popularity-poll primaries last fortnight failed to subdue him. Hours after he got back to Washington he blocked the Administration on the issue of aid to Communist satellites (TIME, June 16).

Last week the reciprocal trade bill's overwhelming victory in the House brightened its Senate prospects, and Texas' Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson announced his "wholehearted support." Then ponderous Bill Knowland spoke up. He favored extension for only three years, not five, he proclaimed, adding that he might oppose other features of the House bill too. Rumbled the *New York Times*: "The so-called minority leader and spokesman for the Republican Party in the Senate is once again demonstrating how ridiculous it is that he holds that august post in the party's hierarchy."

In plainer words, it was high time for Bill Knowland either to quit acting like an independent running for office on a private platform—or else to resign as minority leader.

Weakened Defense

"Mr. Chairman," cried Georgia's plain-spoken Carl ("Swamp Fox") Vinson, "this is the first time in my 44 years as a member of Congress, 25 years as chairman of committees presenting defense legislation, that I have seen a matter involving our national security become a subject of partisan politics."

Crafty Carl Vinson was stretching things a bit—and he was enjoying every minute of the partisanship. As chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Democrat Vinson had given the White House such a rough time during hearings on President Eisenhower's defense reorganization bill that the bill voted out of his committee seemed a magnanimous, bipartisan bow to the President's wishes—and the President indeed bowed gratefully in return. Then, as the bill headed for the House floor, Ike had some deep reservations (TIME, June 9) and fired them off with an unaccustomed roar.

The bill stipulated that 1) the Defense Secretary's authority must flow through the service secretaries—"legalized bottleneck," said the President; 2) Congress could, in effect, veto Pentagon decisions to transfer major combat functions of the services—"endorsement of duplication and standpattism," said Ike; and 3) each member of the Joint Chiefs and each service secretary had license to deal with Congress "on his own initiative"—"legalized insubordination" to the Commander-in-Chief.

Heavy Footfall. Ike's belated blast came as a virtual order to amend, and last week, as the House armed itself for debate, House Republican Leader Martin dutifully carried out the orders with the reluctant help of Illinois' Les Arends, ranking Republican member of Vinson's committee. Joe Martin took one more step: he called a G.O.P. caucus and laid out the party line, reported afterward that 95% of the Republicans would go along with the amendments.

The call on the Democratic party line brought Speaker Sam Rayburn out fast. Mr. Sam hurriedly rounded up the Democrats. He even took to the well of the House to enjoin one Democrat from going over to the G.O.P. side, exchanging finger-wagging arguments with Missouri's Democratic Clarence Cannon, a longtime rival of Carl Vinson's, who was voting with the Republicans on one amendment.

Squashed Amendments. In two days of debate, only a few Democrats rose to tackle the real meaning of the amendments in the light of global necessity. One was Texas' George Mahon, chairman of the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee and the House's ablest military specialist. While his fellow Democrats sat silent, Mahon spoke of his deep friendship for Vinson, then, with all the emotion he could muster, told why he was aligning himself with the Republicans: "I am not going to rebuff the President on this issue. I do not think it would be good statesmanship or good politics." When he finished, the Republicans, too strong, rose to give him an ovation.

With the votes splitting down the aisle, the Democrats squashed the amendments one by one. At length, there was nothing else to do but vote on the committee's bill itself, and it passed, 402 to 1 (the loner: Ohio's Republican Cliff Cleveland). Said Joe Martin, who is satisfied that the Democrats' action will one day haunt them: "What the hell, the people don't understand these amendments but they understand that the President wanted them. This is a real issue."

There was an outside chance that the Democratic bosses of the Senate, agreeing with Joe Martin, would work toward a compromise when the bill moves over to the upper house this week.

Shattered Peace

Except for growling by Arizona's labor-baiting Republican Senator Barry Goldwater, an almost millennial peace marked the early days of the Kennedy-Ives labor-reform bill. After the Senate Labor Committee voted it out a fortnight ago by a bipartisan margin of 12 to Goldwater, nobody in Washington took up Goldwater's cry that the bill was "milk toast." Labor chiefs kept a discreet silence—understandably, since Massachusetts' John Fitzgerald Kennedy had consulted A.F.L.-C.I.O. brass while he was drafting the bill.

Designed to dent the labor-union corruption and thug rule exposed by Arkansas' John McClellan's labor-management racketeering committee, the Kennedy-Ives bill required unions to 1) hold periodic

secret-ballot elections, and 2) submit to the Labor Department full reports on their financial and other dealings. Tough-minded John McClellan himself endorsed the bill as a "first step" that would "give important protection to the rights of workers of management and the public."

"Illusory Protection." Suddenly last week the peace was rudely shattered by a missile from Geneva, Switzerland, where Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell was attending an International Labor Organization conference. Declared Mitchell: The Kennedy-Ives bill is so full of omissions and loopholes that it would be "completely ineffective legislation," providing "only illusory protection."

Fighting back, Kennedy called a joint press conference with New York's Republican Senator Irving Ives, labeled Mitch-

ell the Kennedy-Ives bill and try to pin a soft-on-labor rap on the Democrats. Decided Dwight Eisenhower: "Let's fight." Said Goldwater: "It's the only political issue we have."

Whatever the political value of the Republican offensive, it at least resulted in a stronger bill. With help from liberal Republicans, the united Democrats easily fought off most of the Republican amendments, but Kennedy accepted without a struggle important changes that:

¶ Empowered the Secretary of Labor to subpoena union officials and records during investigations.

¶ Discarded a clause exempting small unions—e.g., the famed "paper locals" with hardly any members—from the bill's reporting requirements.

¶ Required unions to make data report-



REPUBLICAN IVES & DEMOCRAT KENNEDY
The milk toast was crisped.

ell's outburst "completely inaccurate and irresponsible." With war declared, other Republicans charged in, armed to the teeth with amendments. On the Senate floor, a bill that had seemed to be headed for a quiet passage ran into the noisiest partisan brawl of the session.

"Let's Fight." Back in Washington, Secretary Mitchell insisted that his long-distance blast had nothing to do with politics. "I am interested," he said, "in getting out a bill which will be effective for the working people of this country. I am not interested in a campaign issue for Republicans." But by a remarkably providential coincidence, Mitchell's surprise attack fitted in perfectly with a decision reached at the White House earlier in the week at the urging of Goldwater. California's Bill Knowland, New Hampshire's Styles Bridges and other right-wing Republicans. With the McClellan committee's sordid revelations still vivid in the public mind argued Goldwater & Co., it was good election-year politics to assault

ed to the Labor Department available to all members.

¶ Barred from union office for five years any labor official who refuses to file required reports.

When the weary Senate adjourned at week's end after three days of morning-till-night debate the Republicans still had dozens of amendment grenades to hurl. The bill's prospects in the labor-weary House: doubtful.

FOREIGN RELATIONS Toward Geneva

The U.S. and U.S.S.R. last week took the first big step toward disarmament since the breakdown of the London talks last fall. The U.S.S.R.'s Foreign Minister Gromyko handed to U.S. Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson an *aide-memoire* accepting the weeks-old U.S. invitation to convene a meeting of scientists and technicians to discuss ways of inspecting any stoppage of nuclear tests. Place of meet-

ing: Geneva. Time of meeting: July 1; composition of meeting: the U.S., Britain and France on one side, the U.S.S.R., Poland and Czechoslovakia on the other.

Gromyko wrapped up the deal by naming an eight-man delegation of Soviet scientists that ranged from Sputnik Authority Evgeny Federov through Nobel Prize-winning Chemist Nikolai Semenov to nonscientific Semyon K. Tsarapkin, one of Gromyko's oldtime U.N. scowlers. They will meet with the British and French delegates and the U.S. trio, composed of University of California Physicist Ernest O. Lawrence, Bell Telephone Laboratories' Executive Vice President James Fisk and Caltech Physicist Robert Bacher.

Here and there were still some reservations amid the U.S.-U.S.S.R. cordiality. At his press conference, held before Gromyko's note was in, Secretary of State Dulles put out a couple of realistic hedges. Hedge No. 1: International inspection, to be effective, might have to be set up not only in the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. but in Australia, where Britain has an atomic testing ground, the Sahara Desert (presumably the French portions) and Communist China. Hedge No. 2: Suspension of tests alone would mean little without inspection against surprise attack, suspension of nuclear war production, limitation of conventional arms. "I would anticipate that any agreement to suspend testing, if made, would not be an isolated agreement, but be a part of other arrangements. . . . All suspension of testing means is that the arsenal of nuclear weapons that you have is accumulating without any exact knowledge as to what the consequences of their use would be."

Dealing with Kidnapers

"When you have people kidnaped, you deal with the kidnapers," said Secretary of State John Foster Dulles at his press conference last week. "It does not carry any implication at all of recognition." The kidnaped were seven artillery officers of the U.S. 3rd Armored Division and the two crewmen of their big Sikorsky helicopter, which had strayed off course, come down in Soviet-occupied East Germany. The kidnapers were the Russians, who, well aware that the U.S. does not recognize East Germany, refused to send the nine men home until the U.S. went around to the East Germans to beg for them.

"When it comes to getting Americans out of a country, we do not stand on ceremony," Dulles explained. "We have been getting Americans out of Communist China, not with the completeness or rapidity that we had hoped, but we have been getting them out through dealing with the Chinese Communists." But when the U.S. sent an Army colonel to see the East German authorities in East Berlin, he was told to go back and get the State Department's "authorization." The Russians then offered a "compromise" plan, whereby the Americans and the East Germans might be able to get together with the Russians sitting in as "middlemen."

The story of the nine men in the helicopter was a timely reminder that the

Communists, even as they carry on jolly conversation (see FOREIGN NEWS), never hesitate to use the nearest convenient U.S. servicemen as pawns in their current political cold war offensive.

MANNERS & MORALS

Bachelor Girl

Suzy Parker, 25 or thereabouts, was a rising Hollywood star. She was tall, and had what Brooklyn-bred Hollywood folks call a good built. Her soft auburn hair and her cool, beautiful face decorated fashion magazine covers in the days when she was earning a reported \$100,000 a year as a model. More than that, Suzy was a smart girl with a fondness for the kind of glib crack that sends fan magazine writers fluttering to their typewriters.



Associated Press
CECILIA RENE ANN PARKER & HUSBAND
A story told in initials.

and she even had a small flair for acting (*Ten North Frederick*—TIME, May 26).

Gay, sophisticated Suzy Parker loved to give reporters a hard time. She would open an interview by pointing out that the initials of her real name, Cecilia Rene Ann Parker, form an earthy word that has sometimes been used to describe Suzy's way with the truth. ("I always tell the truth, but today's truth might not be tomorrow's.") She regaled newsmen with the information that she was born in Texas (of a poor family), in Virginia (of a first family), or in Florida (of a bourgeois family). Best of all, Suzy was always known in Hollywood and New York as a confirmed bachelor girl. "I think you can love a man more when you aren't married to him," she said thoughtfully. "I've seen the little things that were precious become the big things that destroy. I doubt if I shall ever marry."

Showfolk took Suzy at her word. They noted that she shared a Manhattan apartment with a freelance writer named Pierre de la Salle. They noted that she took long trips with Pierre de la Salle. In short, there seemed ample proof that Suzy was not married.

Fortnight ago in Florida, an auto accident leveled tragedy on Suzy's life. Her father was killed; Suzy's arms were broken. At the hospital, where she thought she might be dying, Suzy gave her name as Mrs. Pierre de la Salle. From Manhattan, Pierre de la Salle, 28 or thereabouts, raced to Florida. When newsmen caught up with him, he repeatedly denied that he was married to Suzy, although he of course conceded that she is a "dear friend" with whom he shares an apartment. "A tremendous apartment," he explained simply. But newsmen pressed on, uncovered the record of a marriage performed in New York in 1955. They also found that as a teen-ager, Suzy had married, and then in 1953 got a divorce. Reluctant last week, unlucky Pierre confessed that it was all true, declared that he and Suzy had been advised by a Hollywood press-agent to keep their marriage secret because there is something more glamorous about a Hollywood star who is single. "I am a Frenchman," Pierre said superfluously. "and I have difficulty understanding how this should be so."

At week's end Suzy and Pierre were relieved that the pretense was gone. But Hollywood was dumbstruck. Now, a lot of folks wondered whether it really would be right for the happy married couple to continue sharing the same apartment. People talk.

POLITICAL NOTES

Leading the Pack

For a long time Pollster George Gallup was one of the few people in the U.S. to believe Adlai Stevenson's statements that he would not run again for President, consequently kept Stevenson's name off the Gallup poll of 1960 Democratic presidential possibilities. It would, the pollsters said, only distort the count for the real candidates. But Gallup heard so much Stevenson talk that he put him back on, last week put out a report that showed Stevenson at the head of the pack with 23%. The contenders, and their changes in standing since last November:

	Latest Survey	Nov. 1957
Stevenson	23%	—
Kennedy	19	19
Keitelauer	16	26
Johnson	12	11
Symington	4	5

Also-rans were such hopeful Governors as Michigan's G. Mennen Williams and New Jersey's Robert Meyner.

For Stevenson backers who might begin to get that dizzy feeling, Gallup had some bad news: Vice President Richard Nixon's tour through Latin America (TIME, May 5, *et seq.*) boosted his political stock substantially, for the first time put him ahead of Democrat Stevenson in the "trial heat" popularity votes that Gallup kept on running between just about any possible pair of candidates from the two parties. In March Nixon got 47% against Stevenson's 53%; in the last poll Nixon drew 53% to Stevenson's 47%.

Firecrackers Popping

Firecrackers popped last week in the heat generated by the bad Republican showing in California's popularity-poll primaries (TIME, June 16). Items:

❶ Republican gubernatorial Candidate William F. Knowland announced that he would give his "wholehearted and loyal support" to the state Republican ticket in the November elections.

❷ Virtually every G.O.P. candidate—including Senatorial Candidate Goodwin J. Knight, the incumbent Governor—indicated polite but firm refusal to accept Big Bill's kindness. They prefer going it alone, since they think that Knowland's unpopular right-to-work program is hurting party caucuses, and furthermore, that Nominee Knowland cannot beat Democratic Nominee Pat Brown, who led him by 606,000 votes in the cross-fertilized primary votes.

❸ Los Angeles Lawyer Ed Shattuck, Knowland's campaign manager and Republican national committeeman, quit the Knowland campaign. Shattuck was criticized because he ran an ineffectual organization and, as a committeeman, should have been representing the whole party instead of one candidate—but mostly because his candidate did so badly.

❹ Last fidgety Republican campaign contributors ditch Knowland as a lost cause. Vice President Richard M. Nixon passed the word that he would help raise money at G.O.P. fund-raising dinners only on the promise that all the money collected would go into a united Republican campaign kitty.

At week's end hapless Bill Knowland flew into San Jose for a two-day meeting with 200 campaign workers, rolled up his sleeves for a detailed rehab of past failures and a grim, fight-to-the-finish discussion aimed at reorganizing scattered elements into a new working team.

Arkansas Travelers

In the hot, green little (pop. 7,200) town of Warren, Ark., scene of the annual Bradley County Tomato Festival, country families left off from their Saturday-morning shopping and gathered festively at the courthouse. It was a big day: two gubernatorial candidates were coming to town to preview a political campaign that will mean more to Bradley County—and the rest of Arkansas—than just tomatoes. The two candidates are the chief rivals, in the July primaries, of none other than Orval Eugene Faubus, twice-elected Governor, center of the Little Rock debacle that put federal troops into Arkansas to enforce the law.

Tousling children's heads, shaking hands, passing out cards, grinning, talking country talk, was Candidate Chris Finkbeiner, 37, heavy-set meat packer from Little Rock, whose public-speaking experience comes chiefly from delivering his own hot-dog commercials on TV: Chris flew into town in his own plane. Then, down to the courthouse lawn fluttered a red, white and blue helicopter, and out stepped Candidate Lee Ward, 51, chancery court judge from Paragould.

Country boy, Judge Ward, sharp-eyed and expressive, left Warren folks cold. Standing on the courthouse steps, he announced only that he would be kicking off his campaign later in the day at Jonesboro (pop. 30,100), therefore had little to say about his platform. As he talked, Chris Finkbeiner threaded through the crowd and warmed it up.

When Lee Ward departed in a chill, amiable Chris Finkbeiner took the courthouse steps, wrinkled his brow, thrust hands deep in his pockets and began: "You know, this is my first talk in a county square, and I brought my wife and family to watch over me while I give this first courthouse-square speech here in Warren. I want to be Governor and I'm willing to work at it. Now folks, Mama got kinda excited and she lost



Carl L. Gregory
CANDIDATE LEE WARD
A race after oil.

one of her gloves. Any of you find it, why I'd appreciate it kindly if you'd just give it to that lady there—that's my mother, folks." Murmured an onlooker: "Chris is a good ol' boy, and Arkansas people like a man to be a good ol' boy. There's nobody can sound more country than Chris. He's a good ol' boy."

Plain Talker. Though good ol' Chris Finkbeiner made hay in Warren, it was Lee Ward ("He'd be a cinch if Lee was his last name") who hit pay dirt in Jonesboro, simply by taking on Orval Faubus in a tough, plain-talking speech. "The real reason why Orval Faubus occupied a local unit of government with armed troops," said Candidate Ward, "was revealed when he made substantially this statement: 'I have got to use the National Guard at Central High School to ensure my election to a third term as Governor.' And there you have the whole integration issue in one sentence. This fence-straddling, pussyfooting demagogue has humiliated Little Rock and the State of Arkansas before the world. And all this for what purpose? So that he can be elected to a third term. I have a strong preference for segregation. At the same

time, I have a strong respect for law and order—and I would never violate any oath I have taken. I say the first duty of a Governor is to seek reconciliation—not chaos."

"Couple of months ago," said a clerk in Warren, "I would have said that Ward and Finkbeiner were wasting their time trying to run against Faubus. But now I don't know." With issues clearly laid out and personalities amply identified, Arkansas voters last week got set to hear more—and the more they heard the more it appeared that front-running Orval Faubus was going to have to run hard and fast.

Lamb Stew?

If the grand Irish fairy godmother of Massachusetts politics were to grant two wishes to the Republicans, they would wish: 1) that there were no such thing as a Democratic Senator named John Fitzgerald Kennedy, or, failing this: 2) that the Republicans could find such a man—brave, well-known, experienced, heavily coifed, well-born—who could beat the stuffing out of Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

But the fairy godmother has not heard the call yet. In Worcester's Memorial Auditorium last week, 3,000 Republicans met in convention to talk about their candidates for the November elections. As if Kennedy himself was not enough to worry about, there were G.O.P. mutterings of a tougher campaign ahead as a result of the Sherman Adams-Bernard Goldfine difficulties. Before this gloomy curtain, the Massachusetts Republicans riffled through a stack of possibilities and made their selections.

On the question of who would run for Senator against John Kennedy, there was a fast shuffle as onetime State Republican Chairman Charlie Gibbons, 57, rose to declare that he had changed his mind about wanting to be a U.S. Senator, instead would run for Governor, whether the convention endorsed him or not. Casting around for another fresh senatorial candidate (the term most used was "sacrificial lamb"), the Republicans roped in a Boston attorney named Vincent J. Celeste, 34, who ran once for city council, once for state representative, once for Congress (against Jack Kennedy in 1950)—and lost all three times.

In the gubernatorial race against Democratic Incumbent Foster Furcolo, 46, who will be another hard man to beat, the G.O.P. skipped over Christian Herter Jr., son of the U.S. Under Secretary of State and onetime Massachusetts Governor—who was willing to tackle the job (TIME, Jan. 20), instead picked a long-time officeholder, State Attorney General George Fingold, 49, of Concord, Mass. Herter's consolation prize: candidacy for Attorney General Fingold's job. Republican consensus: 1) primary troubles in the gubernatorial runoff between Fingold and Charlie Gibbons, 2) lamb stew for Vincent J. Celeste in the senatorial elections. Reason: Massachusetts' fairy godmother is no Republican.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE MEDITERRANEAN Flames of Violence

Looking at the struggles in Algeria, in Cyprus and in Lebanon, where the flames of violence danced high, headline writers and editorial writers and TV commentators, out of weary habit born of a decade of cold war, tended to reduce all these struggles to a single, naked question: Who's winning, the West or the Russians?

They saw that the Cyprus quarrel was rending the eastern end of the NATO alliance; they worried whether the Algerian and Lebanese rebellions would drive the whole Moslem world into neutralism or worse. But though these problems affected the balance of power between Russia and the U.S., they all predated the cold war, which was not even a dominant issue in the eyes of the people most concerned. In each case, today's rioters and peacemakers were the heirs of a contest of over 2,000 years for the possession of every fought-over foot of the Mediterranean littoral. Items:

Algeria has been a bone of contention between European and Middle Eastern peoples ever since the Romans seized mastery of North Africa from the one-time Phoenician colony of Carthage. Vandals, Byzantines and Arabs have all contributed to the blood that is being shed in Algeria, and though it is frequently described as a straight-out colonial issue, the Algerian rebellion is, in fact, a civil war between Algeria's 9,000,000 Moslems and 1,000,000 Europeans, some of whom are not mere immigrant settlers but descend from families that have lived in North Africa for a century.

Cyprus has been ruled in turn by Rome, Byzantium, Richard the Lion-Hearted, the French Lusignans, Venice, Ottoman Turkey and Britain. Though they have lived side by side since 1571, the island's Greek majority and Turkish minority have never blended, and when the Greek Cypriots in 1955 took the fateful decision to impose union with Greece by violence, it was perhaps inevitable that the Turkish Cypriots in turn would defend their position by the same means.

Lebanon, inhabited by members of ten Christian sects and three kinds of Moslems, is a living museum recalling virtually all the peoples that have ever dominated the Near East. When they won independence from France in 1946, the polyglot, polyracial Lebanese established a prosperous state whose stability depended on meticulous division of political offices among the major religious groups.

What was happening in Lebanon last week, as in Algeria and Cyprus, was a reflection of the fact that fragile, painfully constructed accommodations between peoples of violently differing faiths and ethnic backgrounds had come to the verge of breakdown. In its own selfish interests,

Western diplomacy had to do its best to restore these old accommodations or to find acceptable new ones, while men on all sides cried, "Either you are for me or against me." For those who would like to reduce politics to tidy simplicities, it might be tempting to equate Lebanon's Christians with the West and its Moslems with Nasser and to conclude that the West must throw its weight on the side of Christian dominance. But forcing nations to choose between two stark alternatives—whether the West vs. Russia or

vention there." But when the matter came to a vote, the Soviet Union, instead of imposing an expected veto, merely abstained as the Security Council voted 10 to 0 to investigate the charges that the U.A.R. was pouring men, guns and munitions into tiny Lebanon. Reportedly, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser had asked Russia to withhold its veto: he himself was not yet ready to involve his restless Syrian satellite in reckless adventures.

Street Fighters. In Lebanon, the original source of disagreement—the possibility that President Chamoun might change the constitution to win a second six-year term—was no longer an issue. But still the Moslem rebels in arms against him continued their sporadic resistance. Reportedly reinforced by *Jedayan* infiltrators from the Gaza Strip, rebel forces attacked a Beirut police station, looted it of arms and ammunition before army troops drove them out in one of the few real actions of the month-old crisis.

Shooting, much of it panicky, spread through the city. A rebel band blew up Premier Sami Solh's vacant home on the edge of Beirut's Moslem quarter. By that night a reported 50 had been killed. The brigade-size Lebanese army, which has been content to be a fire department instead of a combat force, sent armored cars through the streets with searchlights probing rooftops for snipers, held the rebel forces to their old Moslem-quarrel strongholds in both Beirut and Tripoli. The U.S. declared an "alert status" for Lebanon, and its Beirut embassy prepared to evacuate the families of U.S. Government employees who wished to leave.

Dual State. As the fighting flared, a handful of U.N. observers arrived in Lebanon, under the command of a Norwegian major general with the irresistible name of Odd Bull. It would be nearly hopeless for them to patrol some 180 miles of mountain border between Syria and Lebanon—a job that would take a force of perhaps 5,000 men. But they were empowered to report, not to halt, any infiltration of the border. The fact was that, at the moment, the real difficulty was not so much the direct outside help as the maneuverings of Pan-Arab elements inside Lebanon, led by ex-Premier Saeb Salam. The odd reluctance to push matters to a fighting conclusion stemmed from the realization, among many Christians and Moslems alike, that prosperous Lebanon could exist only as a dual state of Moslems and Christians, and if events were pushed to an armed test of the West against Nasserism, no one would gain.

This attitude, which lay behind the West's worried caution, was criticized by a tough, hard-bitten Arab leader, Iraq's 70-year-old Prime Minister Nuri al-Said, who became a mortal enemy of Nasser's by aligning Iraq in the Baghdad Pact. In an interview in Amman with a TIME correspondent, Nuri said:

"What's wrong with a second term for



LEBANON'S MALIK
Odd's men in.

Christian vs. Moslem—raises the unpleasant possibility that, in the end, the choice will go the wrong way. Aggravating differences and widening breaches these days rarely helps the West.

LEBANON On the Border

For the third time in its history, the United Nations last week decided to set up a team of observers in the Middle East. This time, unlike Suez and Palestine, the question at issue was one of Arabs vs. Arabs.

In Manhattan, Lebanon's scholarly Ambassador Charles Malik appealed to the Security Council for aid against the "indirect aggression" of the United Arab Republic of Syria and Egypt. U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge supported Malik, said it was clear that the United Arab Republic has been promoting "civil strife" in Lebanon, stressed that "this is no time to quibble while Rome burns."

Russia's Arkady Sobolev predictably declared that the only peril in Lebanon comes "from certain Western powers which are openly preparing armed inter-

President Chamoun if his country needs him? Your President Roosevelt served four terms because he was needed. It's become a question of whether Lebanon will be run by Parliament or by a minority in the streets. They seem to think that anybody who opposes Abdel Nasser is a traitor. The Cairo and Damascus roads are interfering so much that the next thing we know, they will claim to be speaking for American Negroes." And he added: "Positive neutralism is the same thing as Communism. The question before the Middle East today is simple: Communism or no Communism? Which way do you want it? Why can't you Americans support your friends the way the Russians support Nasser?"

CYPRUS

Along the Mason-Dixon Line

Riots these days are generally made, not born. On Cyprus, as in Algeria, they frequently happen just before the U.N. is about to take up the subject, or when someone is about to offer a new plan. Last week's riots on Cyprus, the worst in years on that embittered, embattled island, anticipated Britain's latest and long-delayed new offer.

Britain communicated its plan in advance in private to the Greek and Turkish governments, but even though the men in the street did not know what Britain proposed, Cyprus was plunged into a savage round of riots. In the past, the British have generally found themselves ranged against the Greek Cypriots crying *enosis*—union with Greece. This time it was the Turks who started the trouble, and the British were trapped in the middle. Turkish Cypriot fought Greek Cypriot and came close to communal war.

Staying On. The heart of London's cautious plan is that Cyprus is entitled to more self-government, but is in no condition for a change of ownership. Highlights: ¶ Greek Cypriots and Turkish Cypriots would each elect a separate "communal assembly" to handle their own local problems, education and church affairs.

¶ The communal assemblies would in turn elect a Central Council to act as a kind of cabinet under a British governor. Representation on the Central Council would be in rough proportion to the population (400,000 Greek Cypriots, 100,000 Turkish Cypriots).

¶ To give Greek and Turkish governments a sense of participation—and of responsibility—in Cypriot affairs. Athens and Ankara would each send to Cyprus one representative who could take part in the Central Council's meetings, raise questions with the governor and submit disputes to an "independent tribunal."

¶ Britain would remain responsible for the island's defense and its internal security for at least the next seven years.

In short: Britain will stay on Cyprus at least until 1965. "Time will prove us right," said Prime Minister Macmillan.

Behind the Screams. The public outcries of protest against the plan from both Greece and Turkey did not match the pri-

vate qualifications of those officials who realize that intransigence on both sides has got out of hand. While Greeks protested that there was no promise of future "self-determination," the Greek government was ready to go along with any compromise acceptable to Greek Orthodox Archbishop Makarios, leader of the *enosis* movement (the British were expected to allow the exiled Makarios to return to Cyprus). Although the Turks started riots on the grounds that the plan failed to provide for "partition," realistic Turks are aware that the partition scheme is geographically infeasible. The Turks mainly want to keep the island from going to Greece; privately, they would forget par-

wives to shop, the Turks descended with a roar from their quarter again, looting and beating. In one fearful day Turkish Cypriots set fires in 30 Greek Cypriot establishments, then stoned the firemen who came to put them out.

Out of the Corn Fields. British security forces dropped barricades of barbed wire across the so-called "Mason-Dixon line" that divides the Turkish Cypriot and Greek Cypriot quarters of Nicosia. In the hills near the capital, British forces intervened in the nick of time to prevent a clash between marching columns of Greek and Turkish Cypriots. But after arresting and questioning a band of Greek Cypriots armed with cudgels, the Brit-



GREEK CYPRIOT FUNERAL WITH BRITISH TOMMY PROTECTION
Riots are generally made, not born.

tion if the British stayed. In public, however, it was another matter.

A bomb exploded mysteriously at the Turkish information office in Nicosia. No one was hurt. Turkish Cypriots accused Greek Cypriots of setting off the bomb, but British officials accused the Turks themselves of planting the bomb as a pretext for starting trouble. Turkish Cypriots surged from their quarter of Nicosia, armed with guns, sticks, stones and knives. Screaming "Partition or death!", they wrecked and burned Greek Cypriot shops, beat every Greek Cypriot they could lay hands upon, killed two. When British security forces arrived, the Greek Cypriots, forgetting three years of terror against the British, taunted the Tommies: "Where have you been?"

Three hours after the rioting erupted, the British ordered a curfew, but it was 4 o'clock next morning before order was restored. Summoned to battle by the peal of church bells, Greek Cypriots out for revenge killed a Turkish Cypriot woman, shot a Turkish Cypriot auxiliary policeman. Busloads of Greek Cypriots poured into the towns from the hills. When the curfew was lifted later to allow house-

ish drove them not home but into the countryside, and released them unarmed on a road near Guenyeli, a Turkish Cypriot community near Nicosia. "We ran and ran," one 14-year-old Greek Cypriot survivor recalled later, "but the Turks were everywhere. They came out of the corn fields in the hundreds with knives and axes and meat skewers." The toll in that incident: eight killed. The week's toll: 15 killed, hundreds injured.

To bolster the protest on Cyprus, the Turkish government whipped up a demonstration of 100,000 persons in Istanbul, and similar rallies in other major Turkish cities. From Ankara radio came a week-long tirade of incitement to Turkish Cypriots. The Greek government protested Turkish "barbarism" in NATO's permanent Council in Paris, and asked for NATO intervention. In a protest to the U.N. Security Council, the Greeks accused the British of a "very poor show" and "inadequate action" in curbing the Turkish Cypriots. The Greeks withdrew their 200 men and their families from NATO headquarters at Imir, Turkey.

All this took place even before this week's public announcement of the British



JACQUES SOUSTELLE



JACQUES DUCLOS



PIERRE POUJADE



GUY MOLLET

AGIP, Associated Press

The politicians waited for politics to resume.

plan. At week's end the vanguard of 3,000 men of Britain's 16th Parachute Brigade flew into Cyprus from Britain to reinforce the 20,000 troops and police already on duty. They came at the request of harried Governor Sir Hugh Foot, who went out to Cyprus six months ago with liberal plans to end harsh British security measures, and in high hopes of solving the Cypriot dispute.

FRANCE

The Beautiful Road

An instant before 8 o'clock one night last week the radio and TV sets of France momentarily fell silent. Then, over hundreds of thousands of loudspeakers, a solemn voice boomed: "French unity was breaking. Civil war was about to start. In the eyes of the world France appeared on the point of dissolution. It was then that I assumed the task of governing our country."

In the six minutes that followed, 67-year-old Charles de Gaulle, who knows how to make an effective short speech briskly ticked off the awesome array of problems that bedevil France—rebellion in Algeria, strained relations with Tunisia, impending economic catastrophe, an unworkable system of government. In a burst of eloquence, he concluded: "Is not all this too much for us? murmur those who, because they believe nothing can succeed, end up by wanting nothing to succeed. . . . No, it is not too much for France, for this marvelous country that despite its past trials and the disorder of its affairs has in hand all the elements of an extraordinary renewal. . . . The road is hard, but it is beautiful. The goal is difficult, but it is great. Let us go. The starting signal has been given."

Principle v. Tactics. This was stirring stuff, but whether it would stir any vast number of Frenchmen up that hard but beautiful road was still to be seen. After the first wave of gratitude at a firm hand, French politicians were already beginning to like the thought of the politics that would be resumed when De Gaulle relinquishes his temporary mandate. On the far left, tubby Communist Boss Jacques

Duclos, busily trying to establish his party as the voice of "the republican masses," opened a drive for a popular front to defeat De Gaulle's proposed constitutional reforms. (After a long, nervous and undecided silence, Moscow's *Pravda* last week published a Duclos interview labeling De Gaulle's government "the embodiment of the blackest reaction.") At the other end of the political spectrum, fascist-inclined Pierre Poujade dissolved his 31-man bloc in the National Assembly, said it was time to resume "the anti-parliamentary campaign."

Nowhere was the after-De Gaulle maneuvering more conspicuous than in the shell-shocked Socialist Party. One of its wings, led by ex-Premier Guy Mollet, had joined forces with De Gaulle, making his return to power possible, in the conviction that only thus could civil war be avoided. The other—and larger—wing fought De Gaulle's investiture and it continued to oppose him last week in the belief that only this would permit the Socialists, and not the Communists, to lead an eventual left-wing reaction against De Gaulle.

In Brussels, at a meeting of the Socialist International, leaders of most of Western Europe's Socialist parties last week made it clear that they believed principle to be on the side of the anti-Gaullists. De Gaulle argued Britain's Hugh Gaitskill sternly had come to power by "a fundamentally undemocratic procedure." The International, insisted West Germany's Erich Ollenhauer, "must take a position against De Gaulle." "We cannot be silent," echoed Aneurin Bevan. "Silence is not an effective instrument of democracy." Speaking for the French party, anti-Gaullist Albert Gazier, in a rare display of political candor, dismissed all this earnest talk as irrelevant. Don't rock our boat, French Socialists pleaded; there are advantages in having Socialists on the inside and on the out.

Cash & Concessions. While this normal fretwork of the politicians went on, the general himself calmly busied himself with the here and now. To supply the government with ready cash, and to sop up excess purchasing power, wistful Fi-

nance Minister Antoine Pinay last week put on sale 3.5% tax-free government bonds, which as a hedge against inflation will be pegged to the market value of the gold napoleon (last week 3,600 francs). While De Gaulle appealed to patriotism in launching the loan, Pinay remembered the practical side. In the hope of attracting urgently needed foreign exchange, Pinay was even prepared to let Frenchmen buy the bond with previously undeclared—and hence illegal—foreign currency holdings. "That law," explained Pinay blandly, "has never been enforced anyway."

De Gaulle himself was hard at work on constitutional reform. Some details gradually leaked out. Upon a nation with an ingrained distrust of strong government, the general hoped to impose a President who could not only appoint Premiers without parliamentary approval but would also be empowered to dissolve Parliament at will. To balance still more the power of the popularly elected National Assembly, De Gaulle would like to establish a strong Senate whose members would include representatives of France's local governments and overseas territories, plus spokesmen for such economic and social groupings as organized labor, agriculture, management and the intellectuals.

No less revolutionary were De Gaulle's publicly avowed plans to "organize on a federal model" the relationships between France and its overseas possessions. De Gaulle remained carefully vague as to whether or not Algeria would also get "federal" status under his new order. But he was already showing a willingness to make major concessions to restore peace in North Africa. France promised to withdraw all troops within a month from eleven garrison posts scattered through the south and east of Morocco, and seems to be prepared to evacuate all its bases in Tunisia save the great naval installations at Bizerte (as proposed by the Anglo-American "good offices" team, which can expect no credit).

Which Emperor? The beautiful road that De Gaulle was mapping out might yet prove to be one that Frenchmen are too divided or too self-indulgent to fol-

low. Perhaps, in the end, the politicians would be justified in their belief that the crucial question was not whether De Gaulle would succeed but who would succeed him.

But for now, as he made plain, the destiny of France still lies squarely in the hands of proud Charles de Gaulle. Searching last week for a suitable description for the general's Cabinet meetings—which he uses chiefly to announce decisions he has already reached—Information Chief André Malraux brashly chose to compare them to “those in Napoleon's time.” French journalists, accustomed to subsisting off the daily indiscretions of the Cabinet ministers of the Fourth Republic, saw the whole thing in a different light. “Covering the government,” moaned one. “Is like trying to cover the court of the Emperor of Japan.”

ALGERIA

Vanishing Idols

Until Charles de Gaulle came to power, the 1,500,000 French soldiers and settlers of Algeria had stood shoulder to shoulder against Paris, united by their common contempt for the fumbling politicians of the Fourth Republic. Last week, deprived of their one common bond, the men of Algiers turned to intramural intrigue.

The politically naive balcony generals seemed merely confused by events, but diehards on the 72-man insurgent junta in Algiers were plainly disenchanted by De Gaulle. They were angered by his insistence that the insurrectionary Public Safety Committees must get out of politics, and by his refusal to endorse their plan for complete integration of Algeria into France. They were alarmed by the report that, as a gesture to Morocco's King Mohammed V, De Gaulle was trying to find a graceful way to release Rebel Chieftain Mohammed ben Bella, whom the French had kidnapped off a Moroccan plane late in 1956 (TIME, Nov. 5, 1956).

Early last week, determined to get power back into their own hands, the diehards prepared a parliamentary mousetrap for Paratroop General Jacques Massu, who had pledged his soldierly loyalty to De Gaulle on De Gaulle's visit to Algiers a fortnight ago. By careful prearrangement, a decoy faction among the diehards noisily proposed that the junta adopt a resolution denouncing De Gaulle and all his works. When Massu, as co-president of the junta, protested, the remainder of the diehards introduced a “moderate” counter-resolution. And when the decoy faction grudgingly accepted the second resolution, Massu was convinced that he had achieved a great compromise. In no time at all the committee got the approval of General Raoul Salan. De Gaulle's vacillating Delegate General in Algiers, and forwarded the resolution to Paris.

Typing Trouble. In Paris the junta's resolution was seen for what it was: open defiance of De Gaulle's authority. Deliberately misinterpreting De Gaulle's speeches, the junta expressed its delight “at having been able to obtain the prom-

ise of total integration of Algeria into Metropolitan France.” In an excess of arrogance, the resolution went on to demand “the disappearance” of political parties in France, and the formation of “a genuine government of public safety.”

Scarcely had this extraordinary document arrived in his office in the Hôtel de Matignon when De Gaulle got on the phone to General Salan. “Did you approve this manifesto?” barked De Gaulle. Dodging desperately, Salan replied that he had only transmitted it.

“Did you approve it—yes or no?” insisted De Gaulle. “No,” squeaked Salan—whose office promptly put out the explanation that the fact that Salan's signature appeared on the manifesto was the result of a typing error.

“I will make that known,” snapped De Gaulle—and promptly released the text



AGIP—Black Star

DE GAULLE

“The starting signal has been given.”

of a telegram that he had sent to Salan: “Concerning the annoying and untimely incident caused by the peremptory motion of the Committee of Public Safety of Algiers, I remind you that this committee has no other rights and role than to express, under your control, the opinions of its members.”

The Lure of Paris. The assured tone of De Gaulle's telegram set the diehards back on their heels. They quickly discovered that they were being “betrayed” not only by De Gaulle but by some of their local heroes as well. Léon Delbecq, the zealot wool salesman who got the settlers and soldiers together in the first place (TIME, June 9), returned from a flying trip to France “to see my sick daughter,” full of penitence for his earlier fiery criticisms of De Gaulle's Cabinet. He un-

tuously proclaimed: “Unity behind General de Gaulle must be complete . . . We must avoid creating obstacles which can only disturb General de Gaulle.”

Even harder to bear was the return to De Gaulle of Jacques Soustelle, the beetle-browed ex-Governor General of Algeria whose demagogic appeals for integration into France had made him the white hope of the Algerian diehards. At De Gaulle's behest, Soustelle last week slipped off to Paris in a special plane, trailing behind him uncharacteristically moderate remarks about “federal possibilities” for Algeria, and a cloud of rumors that he was about to receive a government post. Watching him go, the diehards suddenly recognized that there might be more than one explanation for the fact that cold-eyed Jacques Soustelle had always modestly refused to accept leadership of the Algerian Committee of Public Safety.

Abandoned by their idols and outflanked by the Army—which has quietly taken over almost all key posts in the Algerian civil administration—the diehards had little choice but to make what amounted to a humiliating confession of defeat, joining the other members of the Public Safety Committee in a pledge of “devotion to General de Gaulle.”

RUSSIA

Jolly Answers

In his usual glib and grinning way, Russia's Nikita Khrushchev confounded Western newsmen at a British embassy celebration of the Queen's birthday by taking up rumors about his past purge victims, and talking about what might have happened to Politburocrat Mikhail Suslov, who, Polish Communists believe, is Khrushchev's No. 1 opponent in Kremlin councils:

“If you want to see Suslov [missing from Kremlin functions for a month], go to the Black Sea, get a bathing suit and go swimming with him,” said Khrushchev. Suslov, he added, has some further “accumulated leave” coming. “We take our holidays in turn.”

“If you want to see Bulganin, buy a bouquet of flowers and go visit him at the hospital,” Bulganin, demoted from Premier, “has been very ill” and has just had a “successful but serious” operation. Will he go back to his job as head of the state bank? “Now you are interfering in our internal affairs,” grinned Khrushchev.

How about Malenkov, supposedly managing a hydroelectric station in eastern Kazakhstan since his downfall last June? “You can buy a ticket and go visit him,” shrugged Khrushchev. “I have not seen him in a long time, but the last time I heard, he was alive and well.” What about the story that Malenkov had been injured while hunting? “Malenkov,” said Khrushchev firmly, “is not a hunter. Furthermore, this is not hunting season.”

If it was all as simple and jolly as this, the only question was why the dispatches reporting this conversation were then held up for 19 hours by the Russian censors before being put on the wires.

SWEDEN

The Cavemen

For 144 years and through two world wars, Sweden has stayed doggedly neutral. But if there were a next time, could an innocent bystander sit out a nuclear war? Sweden's answer has been not to join NATO, but to spend some \$200 million on the world's most elaborate civil defense installations, including huge underground shelters. Some of Sweden's man-made caves:

¶ In Västerås (pop. 60,000) a shelter has been blasted out of the solid granite

ballroom: of the four atom-bombproof Stockholm shelters, the one under Engelbrekt Church will serve as a columbarium for cremated parishioners.

All over Sweden factories are going underground. The firm of Bolinder-Munktel, manufacturers of engines, housed itself in a cave shelter shortly after World War II. More important, the Swedes discovered that building underground—in terms of construction and maintenance—often costs less. Airplanes, precision instruments, munitions, radios are also made in below-ground factories; hydroelectric power is generated in stations tucked in-

travel right through the tunnel, in one entrance and out the other.

But though Sweden has more and better shelters than any other nation in the world, there are still not enough for its population of more than 7,000,000. In case of war, the cities will be emptied into the countryside. Only 50,000 out of Stockholm's nearly 800,000 people will stay behind to run essential services and to fight fires. "Permanent evacuation is the only solution," says a civil defense official. "Temporary evacuation would be hopeless. The enemy need only send over a few aircraft each day to keep people scuttling madly back and forth."

The one thing Sweden has not yet done is provide fallout protection for the evacuees. "This we must do without delay," adds the worried official. "Adverse winds could cause havoc by bringing radioactive clouds over our land from bombs bursting in Denmark or even England." As a final faint note of cheer, the state liquor monopoly, caught by the underground mania, has found a safe place to bury enough spirits so that the Swedes who survive atomic war will be able to toast their luck in a glass of aquavit.

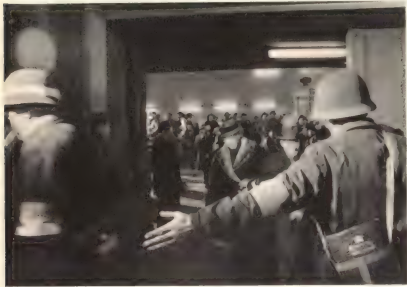
MONACO

L'Etat, C'est—Qui?

Not only had Princess Grace given birth to a son and heir in March, but Monaco had enjoyed its headiest and gayest season since the war. Yet for His Serene Highness, Prince Rainier III, 35, it was a time of continual vexation. Ever since the new 18-man legislative council took office in January, the prerogatives of Europe's last absolute monarch had come under serious question.

Though Monégasques have talked off and on for years about introducing democratic reforms in their sunny land, which has no income taxes and no military service, the legislative council has never been anything more than a docile advisory body. Then, in February, the councilors unanimously passed a motion of censure against Rainier's French Minister of State, the luxury-loving Henry Soum. Just why they objected to the minister so, they never made quite clear, but they nevertheless demanded that he be fired. The Prince refused. He also rejected a resolution which, though couched in almost obsequious language, was actually a rude reminder that the time had come to get on with a little democracy. The Prince humbly replied: "I will accept no limitation of my powers."

Last week the council denounced a royal decree that had set up a special administrative appeals tribunal, responsible only to the Prince. When the council began taking up constitutional reforms again, Rainier's court minister said he would have to leave. By a unanimous 18-to-0 vote, the council went on into its talk anyway, and the minister stalked out. Then the councilors passed a resolution demanding that women be given the right to vote and to run for the council. This was a particularly nasty



ATOMIC WAR DRILL IN SWEDISH UNDERGROUND SHELTER
Can a bystander sit it out with aquavit?

Simrock

of a hill in the center of town. Constructed in two below-ground stories, the shelter accommodates 5,500 people under war conditions. It has a peacetime use as well, housing a garage, workshops, a shooting range, a 140-seat movie theater, and study rooms and a gymnasium for a girls' school on top of the hill.

¶ In Stockholm the Katarinaberget bomb shelter holds 20,000 people, and is the world's largest. The Swedes have also put this shelter to revenue-producing peacetime use. Currently leased to an oil company, Katarinaberget has room for 550 parked cars, a service station, a drive-in bank. A roof of granite more than 80 ft. thick makes the shelter safe against anything but a direct hit by a nuclear bomb. The ventilating system has a capacity of 1,000,000 cu. ft. of air per hour, and the Swedes have learned a lesson from the wartime bombing of Hamburg, when raging fires in the city sent superheated air surging into the shelters, suffocated and burned their inhabitants alive. In case of fire above ground, the Swedish ventilators can be shut off while built-in oxygen machines make the air livable.

¶ In Göteborg the subterranean refuge extends for seven stories underground; in Malmö the city shelter is used as a

side mountains; cavernous hospitals are complete with X-ray rooms, operating theaters, fully equipped wards.

In a typical cave factory, workers descend by escalators, take their place at assembly lines lit by mercury lamps. The air is changed four times an hour, given freshness by the addition of ozone. Glauophobia is avoided through the use of windows that look out on painted landscapes and cloud-filled skies.

Sweden's armed forces will go to earth with its citizens. There are underground hangars for jet planes, subterranean sea pens dug out of the sides of rock-walled fjords for destroyers and submarines; barracks, repair shops, fuel dumps and munitions depots all have granite shields.

The shelters are cunningly designed to avoid the blast effects of nuclear bombs. They have alternative exits so that people will not be buried alive if one exit is blocked. The entrance tunnels approach at an angle to the main, shockproof, 50-ton doors so that the blast cannot travel in a straight line to the door itself. Along each main entrance tunnel, cavities are cut into the wall to draw off the force of the blast. The lead-in tunnel is driven in a straight line in the hope that the force of a bomb's shock wave would

blow for the Prince. As all Monaco knows, Princess Grace of the American Kellys had just about persuaded him to push through woman suffrage himself. But any action he might now take would seem to be merely a surrender to the council.

Throughout the trying week, Rainier kept stonily silent in his pink palace. After all, Monaco was still Monaco, and royalty had other duties to perform. For one thing, there was the gala \$23-a-plate dinner and world film premiere of *Kings Go Forth* for the benefit of the Monegasque Red Cross. Everyone from Gina Lollobrigida to Frank Sinatra, Noel Coward and Bette Davis was there. At the last moment, however, two of the star attractions, those old-shoe American tourists, Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Truman of Independence, Mo., sent word that they could not make it.

KENYA

Bwana Tom Goes to Court

In their earnest efforts to hold on to Kenya—and to establish some sort of permanent peace between the races—the British have run into two kinds of obstacles. Once it was the Mau Mau terrorists; now it is a new kind of impatient black nationalism led by an aggressive 27-year-old labor leader named Tom Mboya, who wants nothing less than to set up in Kenya the same sort of black republic that Kwame Nkrumah runs in Ghana.

A Luo tribesman who spent a year at Ruskin College, Oxford, Mboya has become increasingly strident in his complaints against British attempts to bring about a gradual "multi-racial" government in Kenya. Insisting on "parliamentary democracy for the African masses," he lashed out at the Colonial Office's 1957 constitution, which for the first time gave the 6,000,000 Africans the same number of elected seats in the Legislative

Council as the 37,000 whites. Nor did he like another British plan to divide an extra twelve special seats equally among Africans, Arabs and Europeans. When a group of moderate Africans agreed to run for these special seats, Mboya and six of his henchmen denounced them as "stooges, traitors and quislings." With that, the Crown hailed Mboya & Co. into court for conspiracy and criminal libel.

When the trial began in Nairobi, it seemed inevitable that it would provide Mboya with the kind of martyrdom that is so invaluable in nationalist politics. The first day, Bwana Tom (as his idolatrous followers call him) arrived ostentatiously wearing a Ghana toga of *kente* cloth. Wherever he went, his followers trailed him crying the Ghana chant: "Free-DOM! Free-DOM!" His new People's Convention Party, modeled after Nkrumah's party, organized an effective boycott of buses, beer and tobacco, staged such wild demonstrations that the police had to call on Mboya himself to stop them.

Mboya's leftist London lawyer, D. N. Pritt, Q.C., the defender of Mau Mau Leader Jomo Kenyatta (now in prison), got the conspiracy charge thrown out on a technicality, and set forth to destroy the reputations of the moderate African nominees who appeared as witnesses for the prosecution. At one he thundered: "Do you hate Africans, or merely despise them?" But somehow, the fireworks did not go off.

Far from being European stooges, some of the Africans emerged from hard cross-examination (as the judge remarked at the end of the trial) as simple, frank and engaging men. Last week the court declared Mboya & Co. guilty of criminal libel, slapped each with a token £75 fine, not enough to make martyrs of them. Outside the courthouse, where thousands of Bwana Tom's followers had demonstrated only a few days before, one native forlornly waved a placard saying EIGHT MILLION AFRICANS ON TRIAL, for the benefit of the small, halfhearted crowd—and the Nairobi police phlegmatically waited to quell the riot that never came.

GREAT BRITAIN

End of Rationing

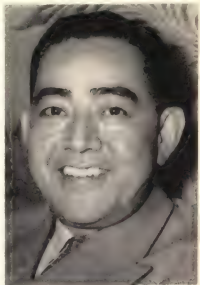
The last of British wartime rationing, in effect since World War II began in 1939, will disappear next month: household coal, used in millions of living-room grates to add warmth, cheer and smog to the British winter, will henceforth be available without restriction.

Europe's basically mild industrial recession has piled 8,500,000 tons of cheaper, small industrial coal at British pit-heads over the past 15 months. This coal is too fine for householders' grates, but the British National Coal Board thinks that it can now boost output of domestic coal high enough to meet the expected demand. The British also believe that the industrial coal recession is temporary, and that Europe's "energy gap" will, in the long run, assure plenty of furnaces for Britain's coal.

JAPAN

The Voice from Heaven

When, after Commodore Matthew Perry opened Japan to the world, the Shogun of Japan sent a special emissary to Washington in 1860 to observe the U.S. Congress at work, the appalled official duly reported back: "It's like the Nihonbashi fish market!" Japan's own Diet, patterned in part after the U.S. Congress, was even more a fish market last week. What should have been a mere formality—the re-election of pro-Western Nobusuke Kishi, 61, who had resigned as Premier in accord-



Mainichi Shimbun

BROTHER SATO
Who knows?

ance with the constitution after the last general elections (TIME, June 2)—turned into a shambles.

Since his Liberal Democrats had won the election so handily, Kishi was automatically the man for the Diet to name as Premier. But, having won, Kishi wanted to do things a bit differently from the past, when minority parties got a share of key Diet posts. With some justification, he accused the Socialists of using important committee chairmanships to sabotage legislation (they often did not show up for work, as a way of delaying action). Kishi, bent on responsible government under his own control, demanded that all 16 committee chairmen of the House of Representatives, and the Speaker and the Vice Speaker of the House as well, be members of his party.

In the Bag, He had the votes, but the Socialists had other resources. On the first day they kept the secretary-general of the lower house, without whose presence no business can take place, holed up in his office for 14 hours. When the secretary finally got to the chamber, only four minutes of the session were left. Next day the Socialists filibustered so successfully against the election of the committee chairmen—a procedure that



Piero Ramonino

TOM MBOYA
Is free-DOM freedom?

usually takes 90 minutes—that by the stroke of midnight, only seven men had been named. On the third day the Socialists contested the election of Kishi himself. In the end, Kishi won what had been in the bag from the beginning. Then he rushed his new ministers to the palace to be sworn in by the Emperor.

"Obeying a voice from Heaven," he had so drastically overhauled his Cabinet that, with the exception of Foreign Minister Aichihiro Fujiyama, every member was new. The most surprising appointment was that of his own brother, Eisaku Sato, as Finance Minister.

Brother Fast Ears. In 1954, when he was secretary-general of Yoshida's ruling Liberal Party, Sato resigned over charges that he had taken \$150,000 in bribes to promote legislation favorable to big business. After a libel trial that lasted two years, he finally collected \$138.50 damages from a magazine. Sato coolly defended himself: "My job was to raise party funds; I did nothing that any politician who knew his job would not have done."

Since Kishi became premier a year ago, Sato has been giving him support, explaining that "to be a successful politician one must always be with the main current." His appointment last week caused the stock of Mitsubishi, one of Japan's monster combines, to rise. Sato has such close contacts with Japanese big business and such a private information service that his nickname is "*Hayamimi*" (Fast Ears).

Premier Kishi, with big-business backing, is in no mood to tolerate Socialist money business, nor is he apt to be too tolerant of the intriguing that has gone on inside his own Cabinet and party. Standing in front of a row of potted plants, Kishi pointedly remarked to a reporter: "These plants were all selected by a master gardener, but some are not perfect under the surface. Who knows but there may be still two or three like that in my new Cabinet?"

EAST GERMANY

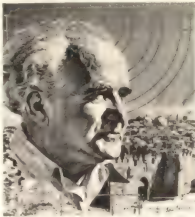
Glass House

East Germany's Communists never pass up a chance to point their Red fingers at the former Nazis holding some 20% of the places in West Germany's Bundestag, and the two former Nazi Party cardholders in Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's Cabinet. Day after day East German newspapers headline: NAZI MURDERERS UNDER BONN'S PROTECTION, OF NAZIS AS DEPUTIES. Last week Berlin's "Investigating Committee of Free Jurists," making no effort to defend Bonn's tolerance of ex-Nazis, published a look-who's-talking report about Nazis in high places in East Germany, listing name, rank and party-card-number documentation. At least 28 of the 400 members of the East German lower house, the report showed, including *Folkssammer* Vice President Heinrich Homann, were once active members of the Nazi Party, and there are also two ex-Nazis in East Germany's as well as West Germany's Cabinet.

ISRAEL

The Second Decade

In Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, the festive celebrations are over. The tiny state of Israel (pop. 2,000,000) observed its tenth anniversary with more confidence than seemed warranted back in May 1948, when independence was audaciously proclaimed amid invading Arab armies. Now



PRIME MINISTER BEN-GURION
Call all exiles.

Israel is in its second decade, and discovering that some of the old war cries are no longer quite relevant.

The New Jerusalem that Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion proclaimed sprang from Zionist and Socialist dreams in 19th century European ghettos. In their idealistic zeal the pioneers of the new Zion tilled the desert and made it blossom like Isaiah's rose, filled the cities with factories until they hummed like Ezekiel's wheel. In the first decade of independence they brought 915,000 immigrants from Europe, Asia and Africa in a visionary "Ingathering of the Exiles" that more than doubled the tiny republic's population, and made it a dynamic and orderly

body politic in sharp contrast with its Arab neighbors.

The Ranchers. Today this Massachusetts-sized land still confronts the problems of its progress. It cannot stand still. It has built homes for people from 80 different lands, coming as Ben-Gurion once said, from several different centuries. Its new pioneer town, Elath on the Red Sea, had only 500 residents in 1955, now is a booming seaport of 4,000 frontiersmen—half of them fresh from Tunis and Morocco, and a thousand more from Hungary—building piers and unloading cargoes in the hot dry wind, living on tax-free double pay to encourage settlement. The Crusader city of Acre is now a steel mill town. In Abraham's Beersheba the smells of Bedouin camel saddleries and Turkish coffee are giving way to the smoke of a ceramics factory and the fumes of vans trucking Ethiopian hides up the new road from Elath. Settlers whose Spartan wives often do without even a dress-up blouse for the Sabbath have opened up nearly 500 new farm communities, and Israel now grows two-thirds of its food. Behind the orange groves of the Philistine coast spread huge chicken ranches where Israel's No. 1 meat fare is fattened for the platter on wire-dicked runs as up-to-the-minute as New Jersey's.

Nor even so vital and pertinacious a people could have built this country without the two unique institutions that guided them: the army and the big trade union organization known as Histadrut. Israel's tight little army creates the indispensable security, but it also is the nation's most forceful educator. It takes immigrant boys for 30 months' compulsory duty, and girls for 24. Jewish youngsters from Yemen and Iran have learned from top sergeants not only how to launch a rocket but how to use a toilet, sleep in a bed and eat from a table. The army teaches them Hebrew, the indispensable unifying language. From the army's machine shops, Moroccan, Tunisian, Hungarian, Polish, Bulgarian and Iraqi compounds emerge as the sort of technicians in greatest demand in Israel's cities.

The Sobras. Histadrut is a trade union whose membership (plus families) includes more than half of all Israelis. But it is much more. Together with the government, it owns and operates at least 60% of the nation's business. It invests in iron foundries, textile mills and shipyards, factories from Dan to Beersheba. When the army's victories made Israel safe beyond these scriptural bounds, Histadrut reopened King Solomon's (copper) mines and built a luxury hotel to attract tourists to Elath. Denounced as monopolistic (its grandiose Tel Aviv headquarters is known as the Kremlin), Histadrut has lately agreed to invest jointly with private enterprise.

Even though the old Zionist, Socialist and religious ideals still rule, their appeal begins to fade as Israel changes. Youngsters growing up on the desert floor bread at home with shish kebabs and Arab bread



GENERAL DAYAN
Cut all costs.



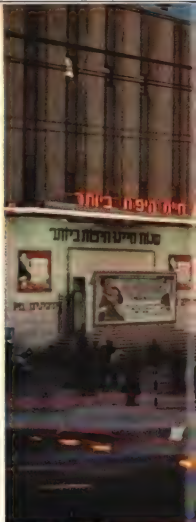
ISRAELI ARMED FORCES, the overriding influence in the nation's way of life, parade massed colors in Jerusalem. Universal conscription, requiring 2½ years' service for men and two for women, provides defense of 748 miles of frontier, is

a basis of educational and vocational training for citizenship, cadres for new agricultural settlements and patriotic unity of people from different lands. Weapon carried by soldier in foreground is UZI submachine gun manufactured in Israel.



ELATH HOTEL, costing \$430,000, has 28 air-conditioned rooms for visitors to desert port on Aqaba gulf. Two- and three-

story structure (wing shown includes dining room) looks out over gulf and to borders of Egypt, Jordan and Saudi Arabia.



Photographs by Jerry Coske



KIBBUTZ VOTVATA, 75-acre collective farm established on Negev desert in 1951 by army pioneers, nestles on the Israeli border beneath Jordan's 4,000-ft.-high Mountains of Edom. New Beersheba-Elath highway (lower left) runs past irrigated gardens, date and pomegranate trees, kibbutz buildings, defense foxholes.



TEL AVIV (pop. 400,000), Israel's largest city, was established in 1909 by Jews who moved from Arab Jaffa to found own settlement. Square of November 2 (*above*), city's Times Square, was named for date of 1917 Balfour Declaration.

HAIFA'S TECHNION, with more than 1,000 students, is the only Israeli university training engineers. Two other schools, Rehovot's Weizmann Institute and Jerusalem's Hebrew University, as well as Technion, award science degrees.





NEW IMMIGRANTS, some of 915,000 from 80 countries who have arrived in Israel during last ten years, get their first look at new land from ship entering Haifa harbor. Most arrive penniless, are routed to new homes and occupations.

Photograph by David Greiner

NEW CITY of Ashdod, 30 miles south of Tel Aviv, is planned as port on Mediterranean for export of Negev minerals and terminal of Elath oil pipeline. First structures built are these concrete homes of immigrants pioneering new town.



than with mother's gefüllte fish and apple strudel. Half the newcomers of recent years are Oriental Jews who never shared the peculiar Zionist and Socialist vision of Ben-Gurion's generation, and not even the old lawgiver can keep half their young folk down on the farm for more than the first year or two. The Sabras, the native-born Israelis who led the Sinai war, show signs of wanting to look out for themselves as their more communal-minded parents never did. In the burgeoning cities, university-trained top civil servants complain that the \$175 to \$225 a month salaries allotted them in Ben-Gurion's egalitarian state barely top a hod carrier's pay.

The Scientists. "Zionism," says a tutor at Jerusalem's handsome new Hebrew University, "is no longer a dynamic concept because it has done what it set out to do." Young Israelis in general seem to be moving from their fathers' ideals toward a more matter-of-fact Israeli patriotism, with the solid goal of making a place for their country among the other Semitic states of the Middle East. Many Sabras look for leadership to former Chief of Staff Moshe Dayan, 43, who recently left his army command to study history at the Hebrew University and is regarded by all, Ben-Gurion included, as a political comer. General Dayan has been stumping the country this month urging that it is now more important to develop industry and irrigation than to bring in more settlers, and proclaiming that Israel (one-third of whose income still comes from foreign subsidies) must slash its living standards if it is to live as an independent nation-state.

Ben-Gurion himself, though he shows a canny capacity for shifting with newer trends, still proclaims the "Ingathering," and talks of absorbing 7,000,000 more Jews (what is mostly left around the

world are Jews in Communist countries, who can't get out, or American Jews, who don't want to leave). Such expansionist talk excites Arab fears that the Israelis will sooner or later burst out of their narrow borders and head for the Jordan River. The way out, says a Ben-Gurion adviser, is "to expand scientifically, not territorially. Once, if you wanted to grow more vegetables, you had to get more land. Now, with the aid of science, you make land more productive. For expansion, we'll use the scientist, not the soldier." So far, however, Israel shows no sign of wanting, or being able, to live without the soldier. It lives, an unwelcome neighbor among Arabs who outnumber Israelis 20 to 1, by the memory and presence of its might.

BURMA

Showdown Under the Fans

Outside the cream-colored Chamber of Deputies in Rangoon last week, troops in battle dress lined the streets; Bren-gun carriers patrolled the bazaars; anxious citizens stood nervously by, holding umbrellas against the monsoon rains and clutching their wind-blown *longyi*s (Burmese sarongs). Inside the building, 248 Deputies were jammed together under the rhythmic movement of 18 ceiling fans that fluttered the loose ends of their yellow, pink and blue head kerchiefs.

Buried Treasure. The Deputies were met for a showdown between Prime Minister U Nu and his ministerial rivals, U Ba Swe and U Kyaw Nyein, whose personal and political differences have torn asunder the ruling Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League (TIME, May 12). Behind them were tension-ridden weeks of politicking, rumblings of military coups, intrigue and insult. In the struggle for votes, one Deputy jailed on a murder charge was let out to cast his ballot; another, who had been hospitalized by an auto accident, was badgered daily by special pleaders; another resigned his seat in protest against continual harassment.

Both sides consulted astrologers and soothsayers (U Nu says his favorite astrologer to India to check his findings with expert colleagues). Deputies were exhorted to drink "oath water" proffered by Buddhist monks, vowing allegiance to one side or the other. The opposition accused U Nu of being the sort of man "who, to gain power, would dig for buried treasure in his father's forehead," and charged him with entering an "unholy alliance" to deliver Burma to the Communists. Nu's supporters struck back by reviling Swe and Nyein as "American stooges" who wanted to force Burma into anti-Communist blocs, including SEATO.

Bland Explanation. To win a vote of confidence, U Nu needed the help of the 45 votes held by the National United Front, a collection of Communist and other left-wing parties. Two days before Parliament met, U Nu made his deal with the left-wingers by ordering high-treason charges dropped against two Com-



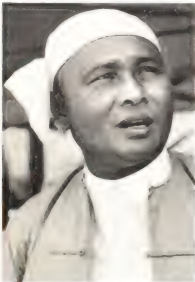
Mg Mg Tin

U BA SWE
A flood of euphoria.

munist Deputies who had been in jail a year awaiting trial. His bland explanation: both men had said they were sorry they had done wrong and had promised not to commit treason again. With U Nu's victory assured, the tension of the past weeks abruptly vanished in a flood of Burmese euphoria.

In the Chamber of Deputies, U Nu lolled on the Premier's bench, relaxed and smiling, waving to friends and reporters. When his rivals, Swe and Nyein, entered to a storm of applause, U Nu cordially joined in. In his speech during the temperate six-hour debate, the Buddhist Prime Minister told a scatological joke about a king, his queen, and two domestic animals that convulsed the Deputies, and then won the biggest applause of the day by promising that "as long as I am Prime Minister, our neutrality policy will remain unchanged. I, too, believe Communists should never be put into power. As long as I am Prime Minister, I shall see that power does not go to them."

U Nu, who presents the same sort of fatherly political image to the Burmese masses that Nehru does in India and Sukarno in Indonesia, believes as does Sukarno that he can make use of the Communists without becoming a Red captive. If this fall's general election shows the same upsurge in Communist votes that has been occurring in India and Indonesia, U Nu's gamble may fail dismally. But his rationalization seemed to be that once he had proven his strength, the opposition would gradually wither and soon he would not need the Communist votes. And, in fact, an unexpected era of good feeling seemed to follow U Nu's parliamentary victory. Explained a government official: "You just can't stay mad for 40 days in a row in Burma."



Ernst Scheidegger—Mognum

U Nu
A swallow of "oath water."

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Ministers' Meeting

President Eisenhower got his first chance last week to mend some of the damage done to U.S.-Latin American relations by the attacks on Vice President Richard Nixon. In a letter to Brazil's President Juscelino Kubitschek, Ike suggested "that our two governments should consult together as soon as possible with a view to approaching other members of the Pan-American community, and starting promptly on measures that would produce throughout the continent a reaffirmation of devotion to Pan-Americanism and better planning in promoting the common interests of our several countries."

Ike's words, in answer to a Kubitschek letter (TIME, June 16) saying that "something must be done," were delivered in Rio by Roy Rubottom, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. After he delivered the note, Rubottom talked privately in Kubitschek's office for 95 minutes, continued over a *flet mignon* luncheon in the palace dining room. The two set a time—the week of Aug. 4—for a Brazilian visit by Secretary of State Dulles, and agreed to the idea of a conference of the Americas' foreign ministers, possibly in Bogotá, where Colombian President-elect Alberto Lleras Camargo is to be inaugurated Aug. 7. Still in the discussion stage: a meeting of chiefs of state after the foreign ministers' conference.

PUERTO RICO

The Bard of Bootstrap

(See Cover)

The minds of men in underdeveloped lands all over the world were turned last week to a crowded Caribbean island that flies a proud one-star flag beside the Stars and Stripes. To men in New Delhi, Accra, Bangkok and Morocco, tiny Puerto Rico, which has clawed its way in 15 years to a nearly doubled standard of living, spoke an urgent message of hope through self-help—and spoke it with the special clarity of a teacher who is only ten pages ahead of the class.

Durga Das, who as editor of India's *Hindustan Times* visited Puerto Rico last year, marveled: "The face of the island is being changed." Ghana, which modeled its civil-service training on Puerto Rico's, was getting advice on industrialization from two of the island's experts, Prabha Prachasubhaniti of Bangkok Technical Institute copied in his school a workshop setup he had seen in Puerto Rico. Mehdi ben Barka, president of Morocco's Consultative Assembly, took inspiration for his development program (TIME, Sept. 9) from a look at the island last fall.

At La Fortaleza, the Governor's mansion in San Juan, the architect of Puerto Rico's progress was forthrightly proud of the foreign plaudits. Under Governor Luis Muñoz Marín (pronounced Moonyos Marine), the Puerto Rican government spends

Michel Alevy

some \$770,000 a year helping observers and students from abroad to come to the showcase island: since the program began, the total is 5,000. But Muñoz is by no means satisfied with his accomplishments. Asked "Where do you go from here?" he exploded: "Man, we are not here yet!"

"Arriba Nixon!" Only 15 years ago a Democratic Senate committee investigated Puerto Rico and pronounced its problems "unsolvable." Only twelve years ago Puerto Rico's retiring New Dealing Governor Rexford Guy Tugwell chose *The Stricken Land* as the title for his book about the island. Today Puerto Rico:

- ❶ Boasts a per capita income of \$443 (vs. \$742 for West Germany, \$2,009 for the U.S.), which is surpassed in Latin America only by oil-rich Venezuela.
- ❷ Costs the U.S. Treasury next to nothing.
- ❸ Governs itself in orderly democracy within an imaginative new "Commonwealth" relationship to Washington.
- ❹ Gives the world, anxiously watching Algeria and Cyprus, a shining example of an experimental colonial policy that turned out well.

Last month, when Vice President Nixon left rioting Venezuela in saddened haste, he flew to San Juan. That night he spent 40 minutes wading four blocks through cheering Puerto Ricans ("Arriba Nixon!") to the wrought-iron gates of 400-year-old La Fortaleza, where Muñoz gave him a state dinner in the ancient fort's great candle-lit dining room. Said Nixon: "I couldn't think of a better place to be." Said Muñoz: "Mr. Vice President, *está en su casa* [you are in your house]."

Sun & Slums. Puerto Rico nowadays is an exciting, sunny, scrubbed and cultured place to be. In terrain, it is a blue central mountain range skirted with rustling fields of sugar cane, crisscrossed with winding blacktop roads; the land is dotted with clean villages that still have the Spanish colonial look. The island would fit tidily inside Connecticut. With a population of 2,300,000, Puerto Rico is as crowded as the U.S. would be if all the people in the world were packed into it.

The capital city of San Juan (pop. 400,000) sits on two islands between a bay and a lagoon. Its sights are blue-bricked streets, ancient masonry, white skyscrapers, rain-dappled, flamboyant trees, traffic jams of Fords, Chevis, Opels, Consuls, Taunuses and Vespa scooters. In the old city, hand-printed poems of *amor* on sale at 25¢ flutter from a clothespin in a dowdy doorway next to a modern furniture store whose neon sign shouts: "Use Nuestro Layaway Plan." But San Juan also has festering *El Fanguito* and neighboring swampland slums of stilted crack-box shanties, partly cleared but still the home of 100,000.

Suntanned, swim-suited tourists from New York, who can fly to San Juan for

Low-Cost Housing in San Juan
In 15 years, a doubled standard of living.





Associated Press

MAIDENFORM PLANT IN MAYAGÜEZ

For the better life: live like angels and produce like the devil.



Michel Alexis

BULK-LOADING SUGAR ON SOUTH COAST

\$45, clack in their clogs through the lobbies of the Caribe Hilton and the new San Juan Intercontinental hotels. Twenty miles west of the capital, richer visitors will soon be able to loaf at Laurence Rockefeller's Dorado Beach Hotel, now abuilding and golf under Pro Ed Dudley at the Robert Trent Jones course. "There is a great atmosphere of construction, vitality, change," says Roger Baldwin, who advises Puerto Rico on civil liberties, "and a great sense of leadership."

Lusty Statesman. Luis Muñoz Marín (TIME Cover, May 2, 1949), who provides the sense of leadership, is a man with a bear's body and the somber visage of a St. Bernard. On the crystal chandelier over his desk nests a pair of birds that fly in and out of the always open door. "He is kind to animals," says his wife Inez, "and even kinder to humans." His salary is \$10,000 a year. His wealth, as itemized before the 1950 election, consisted of

\$562 and a house with 16 years yet to go on its FHA mortgage; when he went to New York recently, he bought his tickets on a fly-now-pay-later basis.

But he has no spartan scorn for the good life. Last week he returned from a vacation cruise aboard the yacht of a wealthy friend. Was he by any chance accepting a questionable favor? "Only demagogues," snaps Muñoz, "cannot afford to be seen anywhere except drinking bad gin with a man who has no shoes on." He has a mighty temper and lusty tastes. There is only one liquor he is cool toward—much to the distress of the promoters of Puerto Rico's excellent rums. After chain-smoking most of his life, he gave it up nine years ago.

Vice President Nixon says Muñoz is "a man all of us can be immensely proud of." Even Angel Ramos, publisher of San Juan's anti-Muñoz daily *El Mundo*, says: "I don't think the hemisphere has a

greater statesman." In 1956 the Freedom House Award (earlier winners: Eisenhower and Churchill) went to Muñoz.

He works a twelve-hour day and works his assistants just as hard; when he began his vacation cruise, four of them tottered off to see doctors. And the evenings at La Fortaleza are likely to be busier than the days. "You're invited to dinner," recalls Adolf A. Berle Jr., longtime (1938-44) Assistant Secretary of State, "Presently a couple of people heave in—top government officials, somebody whom you eventually recognize to be Pablo Casals,* maybe a poet or so, and some exile who is

* Catalonia-born Maestro Casals, who detests Spanish Dictator Francisco Franco so heartily that he will not play in Spain, moved to Puerto Rico in 1946 from his lifetime home in self-exile in the French Pyrenean town of Prades. He played last April at the yearly Festival Casals in San Juan, is now in Prades for a reprise of the festival he used to hold there.



ignored in the U.S. but is about to become President of Venezuela, for example. Oh, philosophy in the fortress flies to high heaven. It's splendid!"

"Get Puerto Rico." Under Spain, Puerto Rico was a peaceable colony, untouched by the early 19th century revolts that freed South and Central America. On Feb. 9, 1898, just nine days before Muñoz was born (a few blocks from La Fortaleza), Spain's Governor inaugurated a forward-looking constitutional government of semi-autonomy under the Spanish crown, devised by Muñoz's statesman-father, Luis Muñoz Rivera. But Theodore Roosevelt, on his way to fight in nearby Cuba, advised his congressional supporters to "prevent any talk of peace until we get Puerto Rico." Five months after Muñoz was born, U.S. General Nelson A. Miles landed, took the island in 17 days, and

hour, gladly sold their votes for \$2 to elect common lawyers to the island legislature. Unemployment ran to a third of the working force. Theodore Roosevelt Jr., the old Rough Rider's son, named Puerto Rico's Governor in 1929, found "babies who were little skeletons," school-children "trying to spur their brains to action when their little bodies were underfed." Luis Muñoz Marín turned for a while into a fiery supporter of independence for Puerto Rico. He stormed at the U.S. as an "opulent kleptomaniac" that "filched life-giving pennies from the pockets of a pauper." He termed Puerto Rico a "factory worked by peons, fought over by lawyers, bossed by absent industrialists and clerked by politicians."

3¢ a Dozen. But he changed his mind. Recently, standing in a long hallway at La Fortaleza with a cocktail in his hand,

By 1938, when he formed his Popular Democratic Party and ran for the island Senate, Muñoz had decided that "status is not the issue." To the *jíbaros*, the country men, he promised labor laws and land reform instead of independence. He urged voters to "lend me your vote" rather than sell it to the opposition. His followers called him *El Vate* (The Bard) and elected him to office. In those days, needlewomen who worked at home in the island's second biggest industry after sugar were getting just 3¢ for hemming a dozen handkerchiefs.

Fomento. At that point Puerto Rico, its hungry people jamming an eroded land without oil, coal or iron, looked hopeless. Undeterred, Muñoz counted the island's assets: plentiful labor, an open door through U.S. tariff walls for anything the island could grow or make, a ready-to-hand brain trust of half a dozen bright young U.S.-educated economists, professors and businessmen. Among them: Rafael Pico, now president of the government's bank, and Roberto Sánchez Vilella, now Secretary of State (Vice-Governor). Rex Tugwell, named Governor, implanted an efficient civil service and a knack for the kind of economic planning that is flexible enough to improvise when necessary. By long tradition, the Puerto Rican government had—and never lost—a notably un-Latin reputation for incorruptibility among top officials. With these assets, Muñoz started the institution islanders call *Fomento* (development), a plan to "free the human spirit" in Puerto Rico by raising living standards above the animal level through industrialization.

To get factories going, Muñoz tapped a young pharmacist (University of Michigan '32) named Teodoro Moscoso Jr., who left a job running his family's wholesale drug business in Ponce to farm and boss *Fomento*. The program's principle, as summed up by Moscoso: "Economic development is not an end but a means of attacking poverty." It avoided political doctrines. The program early ruled that *Fomento* should "have no fixed tabs, no sacred cows in the choice of instruments to achieve a better standard of living."

The beginnings, nonetheless, were undeniably socialist. A Land Authority began to enforce an old law limiting corporate sugar holdings to 500 acres, broke up the big mainland-owned companies, formed collective-like "proportional profit" cane plantations, a TVA-style Water Resources Authority took over power production from several private power companies, and began wide-scale irrigation as well. Using \$10.7 million in treasury funds, *Fomento* built or took over factories to make cement, glass and cardboard (for rum bottles and cases), shoes, tile.

The experience in the factories was distressingly clear proof that the government would have to raise an unthinkable \$1 billion or \$2 billion to build enough plants to industrialize the island. Without aid, Muñoz & Co. sold the government-owned plants to get capital for what Moscoso calls the "incentive and promotional ap-



GOVERNOR MUÑOZ & FAMILY* IN FORTALEZA GARDEN
*Mon, we are not here yet."

Michel Alexis

promised to "bestow upon you the immunities and blessings of our liberal Government." Congress thereupon set up a government that denied Puerto Ricans U.S. citizenship and made all local laws subject to congressional repeal.

Muñoz Rivera soon moved his family to New York, and later to Washington, where he became Puerto Rico's Resident Commissioner in 1910, persuaded Congress to give islanders U.S. citizenship. Son Luis studied law at Georgetown University, quit the classroom for a period of writing poetry, newspaper correspondence, magazine articles (for H. L. Mencken's *Smart Set* and *American Mercury*, among others). He read widely (Shaw, Ibsen, Chesterton, Conrad) and joined the Socialist Party, a group that in Puerto Rico was mostly composed of cigarmakers. Thus formed, he returned in 1926 to Puerto Rico to live.

By then, a few big U.S. companies had converted Puerto Rico into a sugar barony whose 100,000 cane cutters, paid 10¢ an

Muñoz said: "There comes a moment when a reasonable, intelligent man who wants to serve people says to himself, 'I want to see what's true about this fixed idea of mine.'" Muñoz's own honest reappraisal forced him early in the '30s to begin hedging on the desirability of breaking away from the U.S. "I want my people to want independence," he explained to a friend in those days. "Once they do that, they will set powerful forces in motion and may bring things to the point where independence is unnecessary or even bad." Later, when Congress, piqued by anti-U.S. riots in Puerto Rico, briefly considered an independence bill that would have pushed the island outside U.S. tariff walls, Muñoz had switched his views so much that he likened the bill to the Latin American *ley de fuga*—the custom of freeing a prisoner and shooting him in the back "while he escapes."

* From left: wife Inez; daughters Viviana, 18, and Victoria, 17.

Get satisfying flavor... So friendly to your taste!

No flat "filtered-out" flavor!
No dry "smoked-out" taste!



*You can
light either
end!*

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PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke and makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!



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OUTSTANDING...and they are MILD!

Product of The American Tobacco Company "Pall Mall" is our middle name

CONVAIR-Astronautics... springboard into space

CONVAIR-Astronautics—producer of the Atlas ICBM—has in its new facility a center for the conquest of space and for the continuance of our freedom. Our future is guarded by the superior talent and experience teamed to create—at CONVAIR-Astronautics—America's advanced *springboard into space!*

CONVAIR A DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION



proach," aimed at giving a "multiplier effect" to the government's investment. Instead of "permitting" (in the word of many a nationalist demagogue) the entry of outside capital, Puerto Rico resolved to dragoon or inveigle it.

60% Profits. The tools devised and marshaled for the jobs were 1) tax exemption, 2) unabashed encouragement toward high profits even when based as at first, on low wages, 3) patient coddling of the fearful and uninformed investor with every kind of assistance. U.S. Federal income taxes do not apply in Puerto Rico, and any new business not provably running away from U.S. taxes or unions was freed from the island income tax for ten years. Profits could and did run to 60% of sales; Fomento Chief Moscoso says: "We found this not too high a price to pay for our accelerated rate of development."

Fomento even hired expert U.S. economists to sit down with prospects, show them how high returns might run. It offered them ready-built plants at low rent, loans from the Fomento bank, cheap power from the efficient Water Resources Board, accurate statistics. Nor did Fomento wait for investors to come. Ted Moscoso can often be seen in Fomento's plush offices in the new Tishman Building on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, striding down a corridor on his way for some "belly-to-belly selling" of a businessman interested in setting up a manufacturing plant in Puerto Rico. "We have learned," he says, "that the U.S. businessmen we deal with today are as different from the plantation and sugar-mill colonials as we ourselves are from malaria-ridden serfs."

U.S. manufacturers, big and small, poured in, chiefly to make products—pens, radios, brassières, baby shoes—that needed a good deal of hand work and could be transported cheaply. Hastening to the island came Paper-Mate General Electric, Maidenform B.V.D., Consolidated Cigar, Weston, Union Carbide, Parke, Davis & Co., Remington Rand, Bostitch and others (see map). Last week the 667th factory—a cutlery plant in Gurabo—went into production. For the catalytic \$10 million in loans, plant construction and promotion, Fomento got the island \$275 million in investment, 50,000 new jobs. Like the moving needles on the instrument board of a climbing plane, all the economic indicators rose.

	1940	1957
Gross Product	\$287 mill.	\$1.2 bill.
Av. Family Income	\$660	\$2,400
Business Profits	\$ 99 mill.	\$367 mill.
Power	166 mill. kw-h	1.3 bill. kw-h

Public revenues from indirect taxes, noncorporate income taxes and other tolls on the speeded economy jumped from \$27.5 million to \$108 million; each of Fomento's investments stirred a burst of economic activity that ultimately returned to the treasury four times as many dollars as were laid out. Wages rose, now average \$1,500 a year.

Flops & Switches. Failures came often enough to keep the bootstrap-tuggers from getting smug. Tax exemption means nothing if profits are nothing, and 100 factories (of the 667 that started) have gone under for such reasons as obsolescence of market lack of distributing facilities, attempting to make a product exclusively for the still relatively small Puerto Rican market. The government, too, had its failures. The Land Authority tried valiantly, even mechanized sugar loading by a system that blows the semirefined product from trucks or railroad cars into ships, eliminating bags. But it could not meet its allotted task of increasing output of sugar, and its lands and plants may be sold to local capitalists if they will agree to mechanize harvesting, keep wages up, shun attempts at political control.

Equally feebly, Fomento, unable in

Moscoso retorts, Puerto Rico buys heavily beyond its own shores (mostly from the U.S.) and its purchases of goods and services top \$800 million a year. It sells less, and its 1957 balance-of-payments deficit was \$265 million. The deficit was redressed mostly by incoming capital, payments of \$62.5 million to Puerto Rican veterans (who suffered heavy casualties in the Korean war), and money sent home by Puerto Ricans working in the U.S. Washington's grants-in-aid for such programs as health, housing and highways totaled \$41 million (which is a bit more than islanders pay the U.S. Treasury in indirect taxes on imported consumer goods).

Beyond Nationalism. Politically, Muñoz clung to his aspiration for eventual Puerto Rican independence until 1944. "That year," he recalls, "the Popular Par-



CHECKING IN FOR NEW YORK AT SAN JUAN AIRPORT
"Very big deal in America!"

Michael Ales

1946 to find a capitalist to build a hotel, put up the pattern-setting Caribe Hilton with its own \$5,000,000 brought U.S. Hotelman Conrad Hilton in to run it. Hilton made \$1,000,000 the first year, was encouraged to go ahead with what is now his worldwide chain.

Muñoz and his men are so unashamedly pleased with Operation Bootstrap that their formula for the future is more of the same. Goals: 2,500 factories by 1975, with a standard of living then equal to that of the U.S. now. The U.S. recession is hurting the island, and with unionization and rising wages, the tax-exemption law, which expires at the end of 1963, is left as the main incentive. But in a single week recently, U.S. investors were in Puerto Rico to study prospects in plastic webbing dresses, sportswear, tourist hotels, motorboat trailers, wall tiles, plastic toys, scientific apparatus, shoe machinery and cookies.

What does Bootstrap cost the U.S.? "What does Missouri cost the U.S.?"

ty got 64% of the vote as against 35% in 1946. The Planning Board had written a paper on the economic consequences of independence, of being shut out of U.S. tariff walls. A Tariff Commission economist came down here, and I had two or three long talks with him. I said: 'Of course Puerto Rico cannot be independent in the same way as the Philippines, which have greater resources and lower population density, but let's see if it's possible to work something out. He said: 'Suppose the U.S. gave Puerto Rico freedom and also free trade with the U.S.; other countries with most-favored-nation clauses in their treaties would demand it, too.' The whole treaty relationships of the U.S. would be messed up.

"Came the 1948 election. We outlined what later became the commonwealth relationship to the U.S. I got 61% of the vote. I remember that I was speaking at a roadside, and there was a big Negro standing there. I said to him: 'Independence is not an issue.' He said: 'I'm glad,'

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love
the
lightness
of
imported
sherry



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Duff Gordon Cream, luxuriously sweet
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Duff Gordon Nina, medium sweet
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imported
sherry



DUFF GORDON

and made a gesture of cutting his own throat."

Muñoz thinking from that year went "beyond nationalism." Working with his staff and with the U.S. Congress, he wrote a bill that invented the concept of a "free, associated state." It was enacted "in the nature of a compact" between Congress (which approved it in 1950) and the Puerto Rican people (who ratified it in a referendum). Chiefly, the bill authorized Puerto Rico to write itself a constitution for complete local self-government and provided for U.S.-Puerto Rican relationship. Main effects:

¶ Congress can no longer overrule island legislation.

¶ Puerto Ricans continue to have no voting representative in Congress and cannot vote for the presidency (unless they move to one of the states)—but pay no U.S. income taxes.

¶ Federal laws, including the draft, apply with pertinent exceptions, notably the minimum wage laws.

¶ Courts are locally appointed; appeals go to the U.S. First Circuit Court of Appeals and then the Supreme Court in Washington.

Says Adolf Berle: "Puerto Rico has independence in everything except economics, defense and foreign relations—and these three are international by hypothesis."⁶⁰ Moreover, the commonwealth concept is free to evolve, perhaps in the line of further shucking off of federal laws, or unlinking courts from the U.S. system. President Eisenhower long ago promised to recommend that Congress give Puerto Rico independence any time the islanders vote for it. Moscoso says Puerto Ricans sense their freedom because they "are in a room with the doors open."

But Bootstrap's hard pull has by no means yanked Puerto Rico to its announced objective of full employment; 13% of the labor force of 630,000 have no jobs (v. 18% at present in Detroit). Main reason: the natural increase in population keeps pace with industrialization. "There is an old saying here that a man must do three things during life: plant trees, write books and have sons," sighs Muñoz. "I wish they would plant more trees and write more books."

One result of the population rise is heavy pressure for birth control, and early in Bootstrap the government unabashedly provided free contraceptives from 160 dispensaries. Under attack from the dominant Roman Catholic Church, the regime dropped word to clinic doctors not to push the practice. But postnatal sterilizations, at the request of the mother, are common; one estimate is that a fifth of all women 15 to 40 have been sterilized.

Since 1940, the birth rate has declined sharply: Puerto Rico's population rise lately is due entirely to a drastic drop in the death rate, which is now lower than the U.S.'s.

6. A Reuters correspondent once needled Muñoz with the question: "Yes, but when will Puerto Rico get economic freedom from the U.S.?" Shot back Muñoz: "About the same time Britain does!"

U.S. Migration. The safety valve for Puerto Rico's population pressure has been migration to the U.S. Puerto Ricans like their sunny island, but until jobs there are more plentiful, many of them will continue to yearn for the U.S. as it is described in the Broadway musical *West Side Story*:

*Pink Oldsmobile in America,
Chromium steel in America,
Wire-spoke wheel in America—
Very big deal in America!*

Fomento executives freely admit that migration to the U.S. has given Bootstrap a more successful look than it would otherwise have, and they willingly aid migrants to go. But compared to the recent migration of 2,274,000 persons from the U.S. South to the North and West, the



FOMENTER MOSCOSO
Dragoon and inveigle.

Puerto Rican yearly average migration of 50,000 is a trifle. In New York City some Puerto Ricans have managed to gain for the rest an outside reputation as gang fighters. *West Side Story*-style; actually, Puerto Ricans form 8% of the population, and their share of the crime rate is only slightly more than 8%.

In other U.S. cities Puerto Ricans have moved in with little furor. Some 6,000 Puerto Ricans live in Lorain, Ohio, drawn by work in the National Tube Co.'s mills. Says Carl Longwell, president of the United Steelworkers' local: "They are definitely as efficient as any other workmen"—which suggests that cutting Puerto Rican migration to the U.S. is no particularly desirable objective for anyone.

Operation Serenity. Characteristically, Muñoz no sooner had Bootstrap going well four years ago than the poet in him came out. Was Puerto Rico turning materialist, losing its gracious leisure, abandoning its soul? Recalls a member of his staff: "He began talking about how industrialization was raising cities but de-

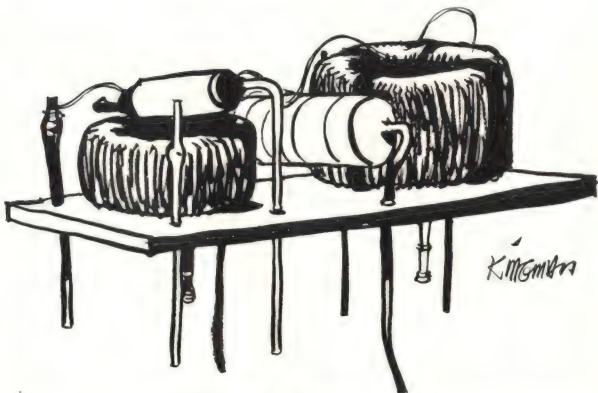
COMPLEX

metal products for 172 million customers

This is an electronic brain cell, a magnetic memory core component for the computer devices used in supersonic aircraft and missiles. It is made by Airtronics, Inc., a Scovill subsidiary. Its manufacture demands wide experience in physics, engineering and electronics—as well as skillful and meticulous assembly. From this “space spider” no bigger than a lump of sugar to the 3,000-pound brass bars of the Mills Division, complex production in quantity is an attribute of all Scovill divisions.



Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury, Conn., with 17 plants, 31 warehouses and 42 sales offices in 12 U.S. cities and 4 foreign countries.



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Auto glass has come a long way in the world



Just since 1947, for example, the glass areas in a typical Chrysler Corporation car have increased 76%! Pittsburgh Plate made possible these advances in smarter glass styling and greater glass safety. (As typified by the Chrysler on the opposite page.) For every inch of glass that does so much to enhance Chrysler's 1958 Forward Look is PPG Safety Glass which meets the rigid specifications set by the American Standard Safety Code for strength and optical clarity.



PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

PIONEERS IN AUTO SAFETY GLASS

stroying old values. He used to push a statue of Gandhi toward Moscoso while Moscoso was talking figures, rates, profits. One day Moscoso exploded: "Stop showing that statue at me! If I take it seriously, we will have no economic progress."

Says Muñoz: "The supreme utility is freedom with reasonable comfort. The human being should have a passionate wish to be free rather than a passionate wish to be a possessor. In the old days you lived a good life, served God and went to Heaven. What are we living for? To beat the Russians? Own one automobile, two, three, four?"

As a result of such anxieties, Muñoz started Operation Serenity, "an attempt to give to economic effort objectives that commend themselves to the spirit." On a budget now running \$315,000 a year, Operation Serenity restores old churches, houses and forts, rediscovers folklore and old music; Puerto Rico bursts with pride at being the home of such artists as Celia Casals and the late Nobel Prize-winning Poet Juan Ramón Jiménez. But Serenity has not eased the pull on Bootstrap. Muñoz finally came around to the belief that "we must live like angels and produce like the devil."

Imaginative Lessons. For U.S. officials entrusted with reshaping policy after the warning-laden Nixon trip, the Puerto Rican advance is a textbook of imaginative lessons. In helping underdeveloped nations, the U.S. could well consider:

- ① A measure of tax forgiveness for corporations operating overseas, advocated by former Treasury Secretary George Humphrey to induce foreign investment.
- ② Support for big common markets—such as the proposed Latin American customs union—that will provide markets such as Puerto Rico has in the U.S.
- ③ Official coolness to dictators, who are often corrupt and ultranationalistic.
- ④ Greater tolerance for mixed economies in the Puerto Rican style, less insistence on making private enterprise a condition in granting loans.
- ⑤ Any move toward freer trade.

In turn, underdeveloped countries could profit from Puerto Rico by:

- ① Replacement of hostility to private capital with an outright welcome, using tax incentives and hard-sell promotion.
- ② Official honesty: greasing endless palms frightens many businessmen.
- ③ Sound planning and statistics.
- ④ Playing down nationalism, working toward what Muñoz calls "the post-nationalist world."

Most of the lessons demand radical wrenches from the status quo—but Puerto Rico's ground-breaking example is impressing the whole world. In the garden of a bungalow overlooking Amman in Jordan last week, Social Welfare Director Hussein Bushnak sipped Turkish coffee and spoke with warmth of his visit to Puerto Rico. "Before I went there, I had been told that work of great importance had been done," he said. "But I was astonished at the scope of what I saw." He added: "The Governor is an impressive man. He has achieved much."



Above, the new Windsor Dartline—it's all Chrysler and you'll like the price.

Find new excitement in the carefree Chrysler!

You sense a promise of new excitement the moment you see the Mighty Chrysler. For, beneath its clean styling attraction there's a world of action awaiting.

Push a button and suddenly this standing-still style leader becomes a matchless-in-motion champion. As it glides over rough spots—takes the swerve out of the snakiest curve—you discover why Chrysler pioneered Torsion-Aire suspension.

Rangy and road-wise, Chrysler's TorqueFlite transmission effortlessly responds to the touch of your toe. Chrysler's Total-Contact Brakes give you the road-long reassurance that you can stop on a dime every time.

See and drive the Mighty Chrysler soon. Your Chrysler dealer will be glad to arrange a demonstration drive.



The amazing AUTO-PILOT is another exclusive Chrysler feature. This remarkable device patrols your speed—warns when you go too fast—lets you cruise "accelerator-free"—saves gas. Now available on all Chryslers and Imperials.

MIGHTY CHRYSLER...*styled to excite-engineered to endure-priced to please*



*From the world's most famous bottle,
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perfected more than three centuries ago.*

Don't be Vague... say Haig & Haig ★ BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 56.5 PROOF ★ RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

A consistent winner on the playing fields of Hollywood, where he dazzled **Zsa Zsa Gabor**, **Kim Novak** and **Joan Collins** with chinchilla, Mercedes-Benz convertibles and diamond bracelets, Lieut. General **Rafael ("Ramfis") Trujillo Jr.**, 29, lost a somewhat less entrancing war in Kansas. From the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, which Ramfis attended in between nightclub-commando exercises, came the word: the young general "did not successfully complete the course." Lost Ramfis lost himself in remorse kindly Uncle **Héctor Trujillo**, figurehead President of the Dominican Republic, provided a nice nongraduation present: appointment to the newly created post of Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff of the country's armed forces.

Never too busy to slip a verbal dirk into some offending slab of Americana, TV Playwright **Paddy Chayefsky** bared his latest bodkin in London: "I don't know what Hollywood stands for, but if it stands for current values I am dead against it. American values are all wrong—the pursuit of security and comfort, with everyone plugging away to be as ordinary as possible. It's like Rome. I can hear the clanking of the barbarians at the gates."

Held up by Middlesex traffic while driving **Princess Anne** to Windsor Great Park, bandanna-topped **Queen Elizabeth II** checked her right of way like any Levittown housewife meeting the 5:12, later dressed up in jeweled finery to catch the 100th anniversary concert of the



European

QUEEN ELIZABETH
Like a housewife meeting the 5:12.

Royal Opera House (TIME, June 16), featuring a full-throated aria (from Bellini's *I Puritani*) by temper-tossing Diva **Maria Callas**. Said the Queen to Maria: "What a magnificent performance!"

Home for a festive Iowa wingding was Composer **Meredith ("The Music Man") Willson**, who jovially greeted some 20,000 of the Mason City homefolks, grabbed a baton and proudly led a 208-piece band (with, naturally, 76 trombones and 110 cornets) down the main street, later uncorked his ire at rock 'n' roll: "It's a plague as far-reaching as any plague we've ever had. My preoccupation with this creeping paralysis is not with the lascivious quality, the suggestive dancing that goes with it. This is bad, and it's been condemned before. My complaint is that it just isn't music. It's utter garbage. This music stupefies these kids. All they have to do to dance is shake up and down."

In a Nicosia hospital was fledgling writer and Royal Horse Guards Subaltern Auberon Alexander Waugh, 18, eldest son of pawky Satirist **Evelyn Waugh** (who like son served with the famed "Blues," during World War II), after being wounded in a shooting accident following anti-riot operations in troubled Cyprus.

With an ear on the flap over all-conquering Pianist **Van Cliburn**, Russian-born Violinist **Mischa Elman**, 67, who has a gaggle of honors from his youth, warned graduates of Philadelphia's Combs College of Music: "Contests have their place in things like athletics, which are judged objectively, but in music it is not the single performance that makes a champion; it is the sustained consistency in performance quality that is the important, the telling factor—and that only time can determine." Cliburn, meanwhile, kept up his wowing ways in Great Britain, where, after a word tussle with London airport officials over his working permit, he scored neatly with a concert in the Royal Albert Hall, mooned to his audience: "I am an unabashed romantic."

In a brow Commons debate on disarmament with blufi-browed Laborite **Aneurin Bevan**, Defense Minister **Duncan Sandys**, himself the bairn of a Cameron mother, piped up for the costume of his hardy northern kinsmen. Swedish scientists, he told the House, have found that the "unnatural heat" caused by wearing trousers could effect up to 1,000 times more genetic damage to men than radiation. "They conclude," added Sassenach-bred Sandys, "by recommending the general adoption of the Scottish kilt."

Perky of eye and light of foot was Yvonne de Gaulle, the seldom-photographed, never political wife of General **Charles de Gaulle**, off a shopping tour from their Paris residence in the Hôtel de Matignon. Quiet, self-effacing



Intercontinental—Gillies

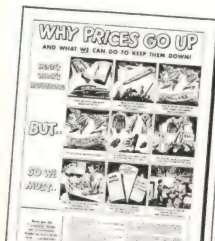
MME. DE GAULLE
Like a wife being a wife.

Yvonne, daughter of a Calais biscuit-maker, has helped the general eat his meals on time (lunch at 1, dinner at 8:30), at week's end sneaked home with him to Colombey-les-Deux-Églises, where they attended church, walked together along familiar country roads.

With the help of hindsight, successful Dictator **Francisco Franco** probed the failure of unsuccessful Dictator **Adolf Hitler**: "Hitler was an affected man. He lacked naturalness. Hitler had the soul of a gambler, and furthermore, he totally lacked knowledge of the psychology of peoples. He never understood anything about the soul of the English. He had not prepared, either completely or logically, his war. Germany had been carefully prepared, but only for a short war—not a long one."

At last resolving his boyhood bafflement, Cinemogul **Cecil B. ("The Ten Commandments") DeMille**, a veteran purveyor of history as it should have been—with color, wide screen and brigades of extras—helped out New York City on a problem of medium-high learning. Donated by DeMille: four plaques, to be placed at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle, the 3,500-year-old Egyptian obelisk in Central Park with a translation of the monument's hieroglyphics. For the occasion, DeMille recalled his urchin days in the wilds of the big city: "As a boy, I used to look upon the hieroglyphics as so many wonderful pictures. I saw my first lion and tiger in the Central Park Zoo. I used to play ball in Times Square with my brother. Every 15 minutes or so we'd stop as the horse cars clanged by."

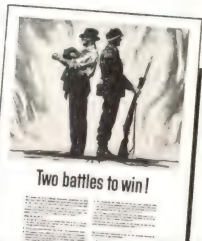
INFLATION: still a



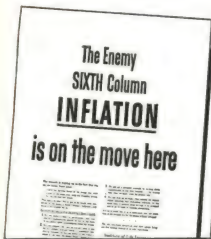
1943 World War II was at its mid-point and prices were rising constantly. These messages told why prices go up in wartime — and suggested ways to hold them down.



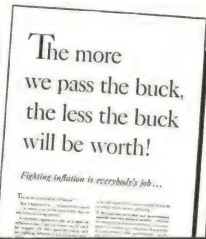
1946 The end of the war came in 1945, but inflation continued. Americans were urged to buy only what they needed until goods became plentiful again.



1951 War again — and another round of inflation. This series reminded those on the home front that they could do their share by helping to prevent inflation.



1952 The Korean conflict had broadened. New messages asked for less pressure on government to provide nonessentials.



1957 Good times were tempered by the rising cost of living. "Fighting inflation," this series of advertisements pointed out, "is every-



body's job." And as 1957 drew to a close, Sputniks took the spotlight. Yet, as the life insurance business emphasized here, inflation was the greater menace.

major national problem

The life insurance business has been encouraged by the public response to these messages calling attention to the dangers of inflation. It shows people are alert to these dangers. Now the pressures are mounting once again. What all of us do this year may well affect the future value of the dollar.

THE MESSAGES you see on the opposite page represent examples of a 15-year effort by the life insurance business to place the facts about inflation before the American public. In all, more than 100 such messages have appeared in newspapers and magazines.

We recognize, of course, that no single effort such as this can hope to bring an end to the insidious forces that have been chipping away at the value of the dollar. This will happen only when all Americans are sufficiently aware of the dangers of inflation to take the active steps that will prevent its growth.

Timing is important, too

We are encouraged by the public response which our efforts have brought during past periods of inflation. At the same time, we are concerned by the fact that most Americans worry about inflation only after it's well under way. The time to head off inflation is before it gathers momentum. And this can best

be accomplished by resisting actions which create the conditions upon which inflation feeds and grows.

At the moment, for example, inflation may not appear to be an immediate problem. Yet there are mounting pressures which could easily bring about still greater inflation.

Steps we can take now

What all of us do in the months ahead can mean the difference between a temporary cure for today's recession, with further inflation to follow, or a healthy recovery. *If we Americans examine every proposal, every remedy, every plan in the light of its immediate and long-range impact on our economy, we shall emerge with the right answers—and the stable dollar that is so vital to all of us and to a sound economy.*

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SCIENCE

Nuclear Harbor

The earth's surface was not sculptured for man's convenience, but nuclear explosives may permit man to do his own large-scale sculpturing. Last week the Atomic Energy Commission announced that in two weeks a party of scientists from the University of California's Radiation Laboratory and the U.S. Geological Survey will leave San Francisco for the dismal northwest coast of Alaska. Their purpose: to figure whether a harbor can and should be blasted there with nuclear explosives.

A long stretch of coast north of Bering Strait has no serviceable natural harbor, and the country behind it is believed to be rich in minerals, including vast deposits of high-grade coking coal. There may be important fisheries too, but few fishermen like to work off the dangerous,

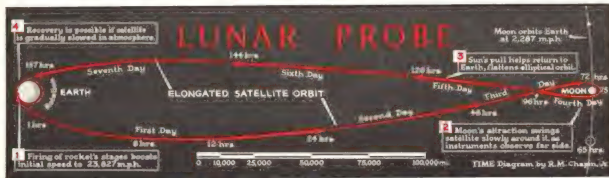
three 100-kiloton charges could blast a harbor big enough for almost any purpose. The residual radioactivity, the AECmen hope, will die down to tolerable levels in a month or so.

Lunar Probe

Both the Russians (with buttoned lips) and the U.S. (with considerable public discussion) are preparing to probe the moon. Lieut. General Samuel E. Anderson declared last week (and was sternly shushed by the Pentagon) that the Air Force will fly three lunar probes this year, in August, September and October. A lunar probe means neither a landing nor a circumlunar trip with a manned spaceship, both enormously difficult, but an impact on the moon or passage around it by an unmanned Sputnik-like vehicle. A one-way trip ending in impact is probably

damage, but they would contaminate the moon in their own way. So would powdered dyes or carbon black splashed on the moon's surface to make a visible mark. Even a probe that lands gently on the moon and tells about its feat by radio (no easy trick) might carry earthside germs, whose desiccated corpses would confuse later-coming biologists. Many scientists have urged that any vehicle intended to hit the moon should be sterilized inside and out before it leaves the earth.

Most of the earth's space-conscious scientists would be much happier if the first lunar probes merely pass around the moon, examining it with instruments or cameras, and bring or radio their information back to earth. This delicate problem in celestial mechanics has been worked on for more than a century in finer and finer detail. Many factors must be considered, including the speed of the probe, the motion of the moon around the



shelterless coast. So the region, which is virtually uninhabited, may be a good place for the world's first attempt (if the Russians do not do it first) at large-scale nuclear blasting.

Before recommending the blast, the AECmen intend to study the rock under the coastline. Some kinds of rock absorb more neutrons than others and become more radioactive. The hardness of the rock is important too, because it controls to some extent the amount of nuclear energy that must be used to produce the desired effect.

The AEC will not say at this stage how the blasting job should be done, or how many charges of explosive will be necessary. An obvious way to make a well-sheltered harbor would be to use a powerful charge for excavating the turning basin and several smaller charges to dig the channel leading to it.

An AEC publication, *The Effects of Nuclear Weapons*, gives some idea of the energy required. A 100-kiloton charge exploded on the surface of dry soil will form a crater 80 ft. deep and 250 ft. in diameter. The crater of a one-megaton charge exploded on the surface will be about 130 ft. deep and 1,300 ft. in diameter. If a charge is exploded 40 ft. down instead of on the surface, the diameter of its crater is nearly doubled. All these figures are for soil, not for resistant rock, but it looks as if a single megaton charge and two or

the easiest, but many scientists oppose it as a childish stunt that may prove serious scientific vandalism.

There is no point in shooting at the moon unless the shooter can tell if he makes a hit, so all sorts of methods have been proposed to signal back to earth that the impact has occurred. An obvious way, advocated by Professor Fred Singer of the University of Maryland, would be to explode a nuclear charge on the lunar surface. It would make a visible flash, and although its crater would probably be too small to be seen with the biggest telescopes, it might toss up a vast amount of fine lunar dust. If the explosion took place on a dark part of the moon near the edge of the lighted area, some of the dust would be thrown into sunlight, making a conspicuous bright patch that could be photographed.

No Litter Bugs. But the moon would never be the same again. Since it has no atmosphere to limit the motion of small particles, the radioactive residue from the explosion would be carried all over the lunar surface. When earth's scientists finally land on the moon, they would not be able to distinguish between its natural radioactivity perhaps including material formed by cosmic rays hitting the airless surface, and the nuclear litter scattered by earth's vandals.

Chemical explosions (e.g., magnesium flash powder) would not do as much

earth, and the overlapping gravitational fields of the earth, moon and sun (see diagram).

Aim Ahead. The rocket for the first probe will be aimed about 40° ahead of the moon, like a hunter leading a duck. Its initial speed of 23,827 m.p.h. will bring it to the moon's vicinity in a little more than three days. If aimed correctly, it will cross the moon's orbit slightly ahead of the moon, moving comparatively slowly. In this region the moon's gravitational field is dominant. It will pull the probe around the moon and sling it back toward earth in a lopsided figure eight.

At first the returning vehicle will move slowly, but eventually the pull of the earth will accelerate it to its departure speed. The pull of the sun will also make itself felt, its effect depending on the position of the moon in its orbit. In about 6½ days (with a little bit of luck), the probe will return to earth and enter the thin film of its atmosphere. The whole operation calls for precision at every point. Even a small error of speed, aiming or timing could make a probe crash against the earth, or revolve around it in wild, unpredictable swings, or even escape from its gravitation and fall into the sun. Despite many confident predictions from military and other optimists, a successful first probe of the moon is not likely.

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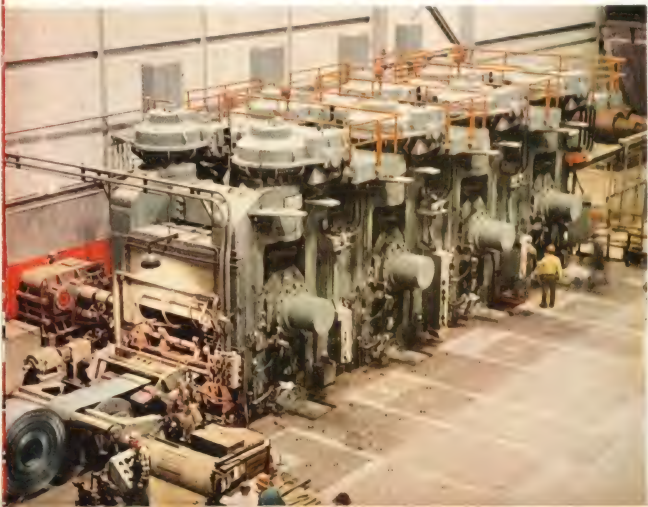
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SPORT

Calm on the Course

Tulsa's Southern Hills Country Club had exactly 6,907 yds. of trouble for the 162 golfers who teed off last week in the 58th U.S. Open championship. Bristling rough crowded close to long, narrow fairways. Every approach shot arced toward a sinister ambush of sand traps. Pins were spotted with mean precision; on each green they were in the toughest place possible. The temperature boiled into the 90s, and scores ballooned in the heat. But while the field wilted, one man seemed to soak up strength from the sun. Tommy ("Thunder") Bolt, 39, the terrible-tempered Oklahoma carpenter, never showed a sign of strain.

Ignoring an ample supply of excuses for blowing his familiar low-amperage fuse, Bolt got away in a tie for the lead, played it cool through every round. Ex-Champ Julius Boros stayed with him a day. So did Veteran Dick Metz. South Africa's young (22) Gary Player was an afternoon sensation. Former Amateur Champ Gene Littler fired a 67 for the best round of the tournament. But no one could catch Bolt. He strolled through the final 36 holes with a steady 141, came home with an overall scorecard that showed 283 strokes, no lusted clubs and no gallery-curdling curses. The new Open champ finished a calm and even-tempered four strokes ahead of Runner-Up Player.

Anarchy on the Court

"Britain, whisper it gently," breathed the *Times* of London, "may today win the Wightman Cup." But one match the *Times* was ready to concede to the U.S. was between World Champion Althea Gibson and a strapping, 17-year-old blonde named Christine Truman. Christine had got the British team off to a promising start by beating second-ranking U.S. Tennis Dorothy Knode, but did not seem in the same class with Althea. "To expect Miss Truman to defeat Miss Gibson," said the *Times* sadly, "would be to expect anarchy."

Anarchy prevailed. After a long winter of weight lifting and wind sprints, Christine brightened Wimbledon's No. 1 court with the finest tennis of her short career. Her powerful forehand was unbeatable. Her sliced backhand was too cute for Althea to handle, her serve had a vicious hop. And as her confidence grew, her shots sharpened. She ran Althea off the court, 2-6, 6-3, 6-4. It was the decisive match; Christine and her teammates forthwith walked off with the Wightman Cup (4-3) for the first time in 28 years.

Stengel's Staff

There was nothing surprising about the scores: the New York Yankees were supposed to beat their kinsin' cousins, the Kansas City Athletics—even if the A's were in second place. Still, there was something special about the doubleheader that dragged through a damp afternoon

and evening at Yankee Stadium last week. For those two games told the story of American League baseball in the summer of 1958: when Yankee hitters were hot, their pitchers held off the opposition and they breezed home (10-2). When Yankee hitters were helpless, their pitchers held off the opposition and they squeezed home (2-1). Whatever the bats banged out, Yankee Manager Casey Stengel could produce a pitcher to pull out the ball game.

Out of his remarkable pitching roster, the Old Perferer can pick such acres as Southpaws Whitey Ford and Bobby Shantz and his reformed playboy, Right-hander Don ("Perfect Game") Larsen; if they tire, as a reliever he has Firehaller Ryne Duren, who has saved nine ball

ious to learn from anyone who can help. From Don Larsen he learned the no-wind-up style that aids his control and concentration. From careful observation of his own failures, he learned to shorten his stride so that he no longer bangs his right elbow against his left knee when he follows through after a pitch. Unnecessary bases on balls and a chronic soreness in the elbow of his salary arm have disappeared almost overnight. "All I throw," says Turley, "is a fast ball, a curve, a slider and a changeup." The record proves the repertory to be more than rich enough.

Scoreboard

¶ When the Detroit Tigers, picked to roam in the American League's first division, turned out to be a bunch of second-division tabby cats. General Manager Jack McHale did the obvious thing: he



YANKEE PITCHER BOB TURLEY

A breath for the shoulders, psychology for the salary arm.

games, struck out 40 of the 80 men he has faced. And every four days, he can send out the burly (6 ft. 2 in., 218 lbs.) insurance agent who is currently the best pitcher in the majors: Robert Lee Turley.

Bob Turley wins all by himself. So far this season, he has started twelve games, finished and won ten. He boasts 74 strikeouts, is nursing a stingy earned-run average of 2.21. After five years of firing baseballs just about as fast as anyone in the big leagues, "Bullet Bob" has finally figured out how to keep his shots on target. In the second game of last week's doubleheader, Turley staved zeroed in until the Athletics' veteran reliever, Virgil Trucks, walked home the winning run.

The secret of his new steadiness surprises Turley himself with its simplicity; he has learned how to breathe. Before every pitch, he takes a deep, relaxing breath, and "it loosens my shoulder muscles." Turley considers pitching "an exercise in psychology," is willing and anx-

fired Jack Tighe, his genial field manager ("Jack tried to be all things to all men"), replaced him with an unknown named Henry Willis Patrick ("Bill") Norman, manager of Detroit's Charleston (W. Va.) farm club, who will be expected to twist the Tigers' tail. The Tigers responded by taking six of the next seven games, including four from the New York Yankees.

¶ Not even the obstacle of a stalled motorboat could stay the veteran, power-stroking Yale crew from sweeping through the dusk on the Thames River in New London, Conn. to trounce Harvard by three lengths in the nation's longest (four miles) and oldest (107 years) boat race, and to prove again that it is the finest in the land.

¶ Coming out of the turn, Sprinter Glenn Davis of Ohio State University inched into the lead and whipped across the finish line of the 440-yd. dash in 45.7 sec., to set a new world's record at the N.C.A.A. games in Berkeley, Calif.

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RELIGION

Healing Ministry (Contd.)

Healing the sick was one of the spectacular achievements of Christ's missionary disciples, but today, ailing Christians are far more inclined to turn for relief to an M.D. than a D.D. More and more clergymen, including the new United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (TIME, June 16), are taking seriously the idea that prayer has something to offer the body as well as the soul. In October 1953, the Church of England appointed a 28-man commission of ministers and medical men "to consider the theological, medical, psychological and pastoral aspects of Divine Healing." Last week the report was out. Its gist: the hope and faith religion can give provide a valuable basis for recovery; but barring the rare miracle, they are no substitute for pills and scalpels.

Anxiety and fear, the commission granted, lay a man low, and therefore "many sick persons are in need of assistance which medical science in itself cannot supply," but in cases of so-called spiritual healing "there could never be established scientific evidence which would compel the conclusion that it was the spiritual content of the ministrations which had brought about the cure." In an appendix on "Christian Science and Spiritualism," the commission characterized Christian Science as "in clear conflict with the Christian Gospel," and added that "had the Church faithfully and intelligently carried out our Lord's commission to heal, Christian Science would have had no reason for existence."

Christianity at Harvard

Ears around Harvard Yard were tuned to Nathan Pusey's baccalaureate address last week with more attention than is usually accorded to a college president on such a day. Reason: Pusey was talking religion, and these days religious questions are sweeping the Cambridge campus with what Pusey himself called cyclone force. The controversy reached a peak over the issue of whether Memorial Church, dedicated to the memory of Harvard's dead in World Wars I and II, should be used for non-Christian marriage and funeral ceremonies (TIME, May 5).

During the course of this controversy, the Rev. Dr. George A. Buttrick, Preacher to the University, suffered vicious attacks for anti-Semitism, launched against him not so much by Jews as by those who care neither for the religion of Christ nor Moses. No Christian in the land could have less deserved these attacks than Dr. Buttrick, for Dr. Buttrick is as tolerant in his personal relations as he is eloquent in the pulpit. But behind the "Mem Church" uproar lay a deeper issue that divided a university with a strong secular tradition, fostered, among other Harvard presidents, by Unitarian Charles W. Eliot (1869-1909), Unitarian Abbott Lawrence Lowell (1909-1933), Scientist James B. Conant (1933-1953). The issue,



PUSEY (LEFT) WALKING WITH CABOTS*
The final answer must be God.

whose significance goes far beyond Harvard: How religious can a secular university be?

Secular Paradise. The disparity of faiths and backgrounds that makes it hard for Harvard students to worship together, said President Pusey in his baccalaureate speech, "promises to grow worse rather than better in the years to come." But religion in a secular university confronts a far more significant difficulty: "the advance of secularization." Despite academically polite language, Pusey took a sharply critical look at this "way of life which . . . proceeds deliberately without concern for religion." So great have been the successes of secularism that it "has itself become a faith and raised a hope that man can through his own efforts—without God—solve all the remaining problems which stand between him and a secular paradise on earth."

Secularism, says Pusey, forms a new kind of fundamentalism whose "temples may be laboratories and factories, perhaps also libraries . . . Its noxious influence—noxious I believe to spirit, imagination and to mind—works among us almost unopposed." The result, says Pusey, is a world in which the words of Educator Sir Walter Moberly are increasingly true: "Some think God exists, some think not, some think it is impossible to tell, and the impression grows that it does not matter."

The Most Important. But it does matter, Pusey insists. The most important questions are not the secular ones, but "the questions which religion answers for her believers by supplying meaning to life, by kindling hope, and by giving through faith in God a basis for ethical behavior."

Then Pusey added one of his careful

* Harvard Treasurer Paul Cabot (center) and Overseer Henry Cabot at last week's commencement exercises.

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qualifications: "[If] Harvard has helped you to find a meaning and a center for your life . . . outside religion," he told the graduating students, "there can be no fault in that. Agnosticism can be an honest and, at least in the face of false gods, an entirely healthy state of mind." But, added Pusey, the evidence shows that agnosticism will not work for man in the long run. "For trust we must in someone or something, surely, for our spiritual and mental health, not merely in ourselves. The final answer must, we hope, be God."

"Goodbye to the World"

When Alha Guidotti added three strokes of the bell to her ringing of the Angelus in her uncle's church, her sweetheart, Rinaldo, knew that she would slip out that night and wait for him in the vineyard. They were very happy, but when at last it came time to talk of marriage, Alha's father said no—again and again. He was just about to give his consent, he says now, when Rinaldo was drafted into Italy's World War II army and sent to Greece.

No letter came from him: after two years, word reached Alha that he was dead. "I thought I would go mad," she says. Instead, she went to Florence and joined a strict cloistered order, the Benedictines of Vallombrosa. After a seven-year novitiate, she took her "perpetual" vows in 1950. The same year, she had a visit from a thin man who had suffered much—Rinaldo.

Rinaldo had fallen sick, served time in prison camps, fought with the partisans, been invalidated at war's end to hospitals in northern Italy. When he returned to Falciano and found Alha gone, her family told him she had married and moved to Belgium. But Rinaldo continued the search and found her at last, only to hear her tell him through the convent grating: "I love you no more. I have said goodbye to the world."

Rinaldo came back—on visit after visit for seven years. And for seven years Alha told Rinaldo it was no use. But she kept thinking about Rinaldo in her long hours of prayer and at her manual labor and her meager meals.

Then she decided. Under her headress she let her shaved hair grow a bit; from material sent in by friends she secretly stitched herself a skirt and blouse. One night she changed her clothes and mingled with visitors who were leaving the convent. "Buona sera," she nodded to the gatekeeper, and stepped out into the lighted street.

But she refused to see Rinaldo until she was released from her vows[®] by special papal dispensation. Last week One-time Nun Alha was settling down with her husband Rinaldo in a three-room flat in the Tuscan village of San Romano. "Just think of it," wrote the weekly *Settimo Giorno*. "a happy ending!"

[®] Even after final profession of vows, a nun may be released from her vows by a decree of secularization issued by proper authority.



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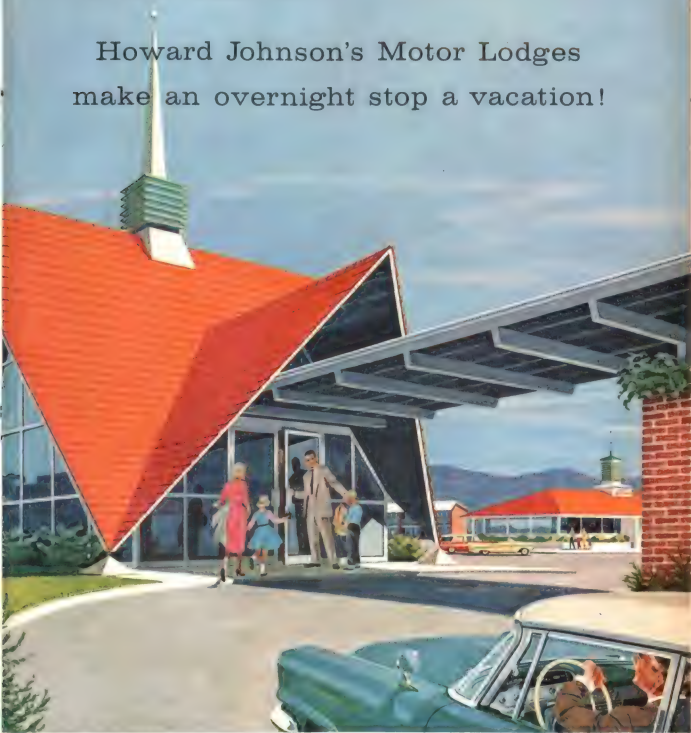
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MUSIC

Blazing Hit

"We had better luck than Nixon," said Conductor Leonard Bernstein, "but then he's in a different line of business. All we did was play music." The New York Philharmonic was completing a 38-concert, twelve-country tour of Latin America that lit a fire of good will from one end of the continent to the other. Back home this week, Conductors Bernstein and Dimitri Mitropoulos and the 107 members of the orchestra were to be hailed at New York's city hall for a job superbly done.

Bernstein had started out with a few doubts: "I was worried because a strange conductor always has more pull with the orchestra, and I was just the boy next door they'd known for years." But Lennie and the orchestra hit it off. With programs of Haydn, Brahms and Beethoven, larded with easily digestible Ravel and Gershwin and spiced with occasional contemporary works, the tour was a hit from the start.

City after city hoisted *Bienvenida Filarmónica* street banners. Seats to the concerts were in such short supply that they were hawked for as much as \$50 apiece. Whatever the program, audience and critics were invariably breathless at the Philharmonic's high professional gloss. Wrote a Santiago critic: "The orchestral interpretation is simply marvelous, with a perfection to which Chile has never been exposed." Said a rapt Rio critic: "We never heard such beauty before."

The orchestra suffered its share of mishaps, beginning when its trunks were rain-soaked in Panama (TIME, May 12). It hit Guayaquil, Ecuador at a time when the streets were noisome as a result of a six-week garbage strike. In La Paz some of the players got high-altitude sickness, and in Santiago they played in an open sports arena with 50 electric heaters strategically spotted about the stage. But in Lima, days after a crowd had tried to break up the Nixon tour, the orchestra got an ovation when it played *The Star-Spangled Banner*.



BERNSTEIN & BRAZIL'S PRESIDENT
Cheers and tears.



SCENE FROM JEROME ROBBINS' "OPUS JAZZ"
Mad and glad.

Martha Swade

When he completed his final concert, even indefatigable Conductor Bernstein was exhausted. Standing wrapped in Serge Koussevitzky's old black velvet opera cloak at the Rio airport, he signed a last round of autographs. "It's over now," he said limply. "It'll cost the U.S. Government about \$250,000, less than one jet. But millions of people heard an American orchestra and liked it."

"Oh, Poles!"

Artur Rubinstein struck the final chords of a Chopin *Polonaise*, lifted his greying head, rose to acknowledge the applause. The audience rose with him. "May he live a hundred years," they sang, and clapped and stamped until he had walked ten times with ramrod dignity from the wings and bowed misty-eyed to the packed hall. After 20 years, 66-year-old Pianist Rubinstein was back in the country of his birth and in the city—Warsaw—where he played his first concert 63 years ago.

Until World War II, Rubinstein toured Poland occasionally, and long after he became a U.S. citizen, the Poles continued to claim him as their own ("He is the best," said one writer, "so he is a Pole"). But during the war, the Germans killed the family he had left in the textile city of Lodz, and Rubinstein avoided Poland as well as Germany during his postwar European tours. When he finally decided he was ready to return to Poland, his concerts became immediate sellouts; 1,200 people turned up merely to hear him rehearse. Before he played a note at his final concert, the audience stood as he walked on the stage (the only other musician in modern memory similarly honored in Warsaw: Pianist Ignace Paderewski, who later became Prime Minister).

In his rooms, Rubinstein was besieged by young musicians, to whom he had become a legendary figure on records, and by old friends who remembered him from the old days. Repeatedly, the sight of friends or familiar landmarks reduced Rubinstein to tears. He played five concerts instead of the three he originally planned. "They asked me," he said when he left. "What I thought of Warsaw now, I said, 'divinely impractical!' Oh, Poles!"

Shangri-La for Artists

The town curls like a dozing cat on the side of a sunny Umbrian hill. Tourists rarely wander down its narrow, cobblestoned streets. But last week little (pop. 16,000) Spoleto was wide awake, jolted out of its centuries-long slumber by an explosion of song and dance.

To Composer Gian Carlo Menotti's Festival of Two Worlds had come some of the freshest talent of the U.S. and Europe: Choreographers Jerome Robbins and John Butler, Conductor Thomas Schippers, Painters Ben Shahn and Saul Steinberg, Stage Director Luchino Visconti. The biggest eye opener of the festival so far was an irreverent band of youngsters in sweatshirts and sneakers imported by Choreographer Robbins to give Italians a bracing sample of modern ballet.

Cool Depths. Choreographer Robbins brought four ballets to Spoleto: Todd Bolender's *Games*, plus his own *New York Export—Opus Jazz*, *Afternoon of a Faun* and *The Concert*. In this quartet, *Jazz*—which Robbins regards as "my most important ballet in a long time"—was the only wholly new work. Set to a jazz-flavored score by Manhattan-born Composer Robert Prince, it offered a back-alley view of the "postures, attitudes and rhythms" of the teen-agers who run and "rumble" on U.S. city streets.

As performed last week, it opened with a stark roll of drums followed by a saxophone drag that sent a line of twelve kids snaking around the stage and into a shoulder-shrugging, foot-dragging pantomime of exaggerated futility known as "The Slop." Deadpanned, stony-eyed, the dancers stalked the stage in chilling isolation, occasionally made wary, shoulder-grazing efforts to come together, then drifted off again into the kind of cool depths no adult can plumb. The audience sat solemn-faced, but greeted the final curtain with a roar of applause.

Impresario Menotti could also count some other audience successes: a curtain-raising production of Verdi's early, daringly experimental *Macbeth*, given a sharply profiled, showily romantic reading by Conductor Schippers; a tensely moving per-



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SPALDING
sets the pace in sports

formance of Eugene O'Neill's *Moon for the Misbegotten*; four "chamber ballets" by Choreographer John Butler. Still to come: Wisconsin-born Composer Lee Hoiby's opera *The Witch*. Florentine Composer Valentino Bucchi's *Il Giuoco del Barone*, the Daudet-Bizet *L'Arlésienne*.

Excavated Shops. To set the scene for his four-week festival, Menotti refurbished the town with such gusto that the astounded inhabitants started calling him *Il Matto* (The Madman). He tore out neon street lighting and substituted antique carriage lanterns, got Cathedral Square temporarily deconsecrated so intermission-coffee tables could be placed outside the adjacent theater. At the same time, a group of townsmen dug out a row of medieval shops, now stocked with modern paintings and Italian bric-a-brac. Face-lifting and the scheduled productions have cost roughly \$250,000, and even with private and foundation support, Menotti is not sure yet whether he will break even.

In a villa above the town, he is working on a new opera scheduled for production at Brussels which he hopes will give him the cash to "pay my personal bills." But his real concern is that the festival will succeed enough to be repeated. If that happens, Spoleto will become what he intended it to be, a kind of artistic Shangri-La, where young U.S. and European artists can retire every year to talk shop and "express themselves freely, unhampered by political creeds or esthetic fashions."

People's Composers

As every conscientious Soviet composer knows (or at least has been clearly told), music stood still 30 years ago. Even the best of them—Dmitry Shostakovich, Aram Khachaturian and the late Sergei Prokofiev—learned that lesson. In 1948, the Central Committee of the Communist Party accused them of representing "the formalist perversions and anti-democratic tendencies in music. The music savors of the present-day modernist bourgeois music of Europe and America, which reflects the decay of bourgeois culture." Last week the Central Committee took another look at the nation's three ranking modern composers and decided that none of them had really meant to be too modern, after all.

The earlier judgment, said the committee, was the fault of Stalin, who was listening to such notorious tin ears as Beria, Molotov and Malenkov. Presumably, the "socialist realism" of Shostakovich's, Khachaturian's and Prokofiev's more recent works also helped clear the composers' names. But for the younger generation of Soviet composers, nothing had changed. In a burst of gratitude to the party, Shostakovich, 51, and Khachaturian, 55, promptly approved a decree criticizing "unhealthy trends" in recent musical works. To disassociate himself from the dangerous moderns, third-rate Composer Vano Muradeli, 50, chimed in with an expression of gratitude for the Central Committee's "justified criticism" of his opera, *The Great Fellowship*, added that he had edited all the formalist perversion right out of the score.

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ART



RICHARDSON'S 1886 ALLEGHENY COUNTY JAIL: BESIEGED BUT STANDING

Save the Heritage

In Portsmouth, N.H., a sea captain's porticoed house built in 1807 was converted into a gasoline station. In Buffalo, Frank Lloyd Wright's Larkin Building, one of the most influential structures in modern architecture, was razed to make room for a trucking-company parking lot. Louisiana's Greek Revival Belle Grove, one of the most beautiful of ante-bellum plantation mansions, was burned to the ground by vandals as it stood abandoned. Baltimore has less than half a dozen structures left of its rich pre-Revolutionary heritage. In all, more than a quarter of the 7,000 buildings tagged by the National Park Service in 1933 as of historic and artistic importance have been destroyed.

Appalled by this razing of the nation's architectural heritage, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM this month teamed up with the eleven-year-old National Trust for Historic Preservation and Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art to spotlight some outstanding pieces of architecture worth saving. Examples were found in almost every section of the U.S., turned up in out-of-the-way places, took surprising forms (including a jail). Items:

❑ The East Front of the U.S. Capitol (TIME, June 11, 1956 *et seq.*), the traditional backdrop for presidential inaugurations. Architects and historians (keep it as it is) are lined up against Speaker Sam Rayburn and the Congress' Commission for the Extension of the Capitol (remodel

American in Venice

The biggest international art show in the world is held every other year on a quarter-mile stretch that was once Venice's marine arsenal. This year the 20th Biennale exhibited 446 artists from 37 countries, needed 115 halls to hold 3,533 works. For the first time since Whistler won with his *Little White Girl* in 1895,

the jury crowned an American painter. Winner of the international painting award (\$2,400): Wisconsin-born Seattle Painter Mark Tobey, 67 (TIME, July 22), whose sensitive oils of squirming lines of light had already attracted critical applause. Top international prize for sculpture (\$2,400) went to Spain's Eduardo Chillida, 34, whose spiky forgeries were among the most *avant-garde* entries.

JUSTICE FOR LOMBARDY



ST. MARK FROM A DUOMO PEAK

Of all the proud city-states of Italy, none was more arrogant or belligerent than Milan, the rich capital of Lombardy. The names of its militant warlords, the Visconti and the Sforza, sent chills down the spine of Italy. But in art, Milan has always been looked down upon as a poor cousin by such sophisticated citadels as Venice and Florence. Even today most tourists take a look at the towered Duomo (second largest cathedral in Italy), seek out the faded mural remains of *The Last Supper* (painted by an imported Florentine, Leonardo da Vinci) at Santa Maria delle Grazie, and hurry on to Siena, Bologna or Rome.

Now the Milanese have set out to cure their sense of inferiority in matters of art. Last week they had on display the most impressive array of Lombard art ever assembled. The exhibit, which took four years to gather, includes frescoes lifted bodily from the walls of churches, oils on loan from all over Europe and the U.S., marble sculptures lowered from the peaks of the Duomo for their first close-up inspection in more than 400 years. An imposing array of 301 objects spread out over 22 rooms of Milan's solemn Palazzo Reale, viewed by more than a thousand visitors a day, the show hits its mark. Wrote *Corriere di Sicilia*: "A vindication of Lombard artistic values . . . above all else, an act of justice."

Among the most popular paintings in the show are the works of two Milanese artists who reached their peak at the beginning of the 16th century (see color page): Bernardino Butinone (active 1454-1507); and Ambrogio Fossano, known as "Il Borgognone" (circa 1450-1523). Butinone tried to combine the perspective of Florence with the mastery of light developed by the artists of Bruges. His *The Last Judgement* almost overcrowds the canvas with drama: the archangel is dividing the damned from the saved (including a Pope) in the foreground, while Christ sits on high in judgment, flanked by the Apostles and the Virgin Mary on one side and John the Baptist on the other. Il Borgognone, in *St. Benedict's Miracle of the Sieve*, shows his central figure moving through the pious story then popular: at prayer (left), displaying the flour sieve he had miraculously mended (center), and finally leaving in displeasure and disappearing into the distance (right) after the maids prattled about his power.

With Lombardy's best on display, a whole overlooked chapter of Italian art was reinserted into history. Milan could not muster the roll of masters that Venice and Florence boast, but it had its own great and distinctive charm. Summed up one Milanese critic: "It is not superb art, but it is never empty."



BERNARDINO BUTINONE'S "THE LAST JUDGMENT"

IL BORGOGNONE'S "ST BENEDICT'S MIRACLE OF THE SIEVE"





DESIGN FOR THE FUTURE

The 1961 automobiles are now on the drawing boards. That may seem a long look ahead. But the time is really brief compared to the long-range plans, programs and projects mushrooming from the world of engineering and science in which The Budd Company is actively participating.

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it). Current status: inactive, with Capitol Architect J. George Stewart authorized to begin alterations, but no contracts let.

❑ Walnut Wood, the 112-year-old Gothic Revival mansion in Bridgeport, Conn. (TIME, Oct. 21), designed by 19th century Architect Alexander Jackson Davis. It became a hot political issue in last year's mayoralty race, apparently won a stay of execution when Democratic candidate Samuel J. Tedesco won on a save-the-mansion ticket, was doomed again by Winner Tedesco when backers failed to raise the \$75,000-\$100,000 required for its preservation. Status: in doubt, with demolition temporarily stayed off by a Superior Court injunction.

❑ Pittsburgh's Allegheny County Jail, part of the massive Romanesque courthouse complex that famed 19th century Architect Henry Hobson Richardson thought would be judged his finest building. ("If they honor me for the pygmy buildings I have already done, what will they say when Pittsburgh is finished?") Its heavy, grey-pink granite masonry now soot-blackened, the jail is under attack by builders who would like to replace it with an office building, is as fiercely defended by a "Save the Jail" group, including Architecture Historian Henry Russell Hitchcock, who calls it "a treasure of which Pittsburgh is the custodian." Status: besieged but still standing.

❑ Chicago's Auditorium Building, the first major work of Chicago Pioneers Adler and Sullivan, which served as the setting for Republican Candidate Benjamin Harrison's nomination for the presidency in 1888, and is ranked by Frank Lloyd Wright as "the greatest room for music and opera in the world—bar none." Closed as a theater since 1930; used for three years as a servicemen's howling alley, the 4,200-seat house is now part of Roosevelt University, is empty, flaking and slowly deteriorating. Status: good chance of survival, with nearly every top U.S. architect, museum director and historian enrolled in a fund-raising and rehabilitation campaign.

While issuing a rallying call to save such fine old monuments, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM found several heartening examples of recent rescues. In Chicago, Frank Lloyd Wright's flat-planed, prairie-style 1909 Robie house was saved when Manhattan Real Estate Promoter William Zeckendorf, alerted by protesting Chicago architects, bought it for \$125,000. Zeckendorf will use it as a field office until his nearby slum-clearance project is completed, then will turn it over to the National Trust. In Owatonna, Minn. (pop. 13,000), Louis Sullivan's jewel-case bank, now the Security Bank & Trust Co., was saved when Bank President Clifford Sommer yielded to entreaties from University of Minnesota faculty members. Sullivan's small masterpiece was kept intact while the bank was renovated and expanded around it. Dedicated last week, the new bank attracted architects from all around the U.S., drew nearly 9,000 visitors in the first two days, stood as an inspiring example of a masterpiece given new life.

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MEDICINE



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Out of the ovenbird's nest, life for thousands.

Cow-Dung Cure

All over two of Brazil's states, Minas Gerais and São Paulo, health workers were directing homeowners last week in what looked like a most unsanitary task: coating the walls inside thousands of mud huts with a mixture containing cow dung. As a result, Dr. Mario Pinotti, running the campaign from his modernistic 18th-floor office in Rio, was confident that thousands of lives would be saved.

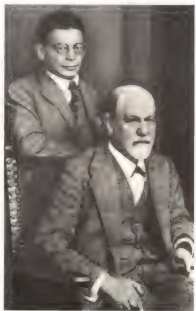
The enemy was Chagas disease, named 50 years ago for the late great Dr. Carlos Chagas, who found that this misnamed "South American sleeping sickness" was caused by a trypanosome, a microscopic animal with a complex life cycle, transmitted to man by bugs. The critters have Latin names longer than their bodies. Brazilians call them simply *barbeiros* (barbers) because they bite the tender skin of the face and throat.

Who Threw That Stone? The *barbeiros'* favorite prey is children. The consequences: damage to the young heart muscle; severe, crippling illness; and in many cases sudden death. In adults the disease is debilitating, persistent and incurable, but is less apt to kill. Estimated number of victims: 4,000,000 in Brazil (pop. 62 million) alone, millions more from Bahia Blanca to the southern border of the U.S.

Like many a health worker before him, Dr. Pinotti knew that the *barbeiros* flourish in the cracks of dirt-poor Brazilians' mud huts. The famed *Textbook of Medicine*, edited by Manhattanites Cecil and Loeb, says flatly: "Prophylaxis consists in constructing houses so as to avoid cracks in the walls." Easier said than done. But Dr. Pinotti, once a poor boy in São Paulo, had an idea: "One night when I was

brooding over the problem, I remembered the ovenbird's nest.⁶ As a boy, I used to throw stones at their nests, but the nests never cracked. They're like iron. Why?" A research project was hurriedly launched, provided the answer: ovenbirds in São Paulo build their rock-hard, crackproof,

⁶ Not to be confused with North America's ovenbird, *Syrnris aurocapillus* (a warbler). South American ovenbirds number scores of species, belong to a distinct family akin to ant birds and flycatchers.



DISCIPLE RANK, MASTER FREUD
Sick, sick, sick.

oven-shaped nests with a mixture of sand and cow dung.

Not Even a Smell. Health Crusader Pinotti, head of Brazil's two-year-old National Department of Endemic Diseases, mixed trial batches of dung with his own well-manicured hands, personally daubed some wattle walls and waited. No cracks developed, and not a *barbeiro* could be found in the huts. Last year Dr. Pinotti ran a pilot study on 2,000 homes. After six months, none harbored a *barbeiro*, though 95% had been infested previously. Last week the dung mixers were busy on two projects, each involving 100,000 homes. Said Pinotti: "No cracked mud means no *barbeiros* and no new cases of Chagas' disease. The dry dung in the mix doesn't even smell, and we have checked and made sure that it transmits no other diseases." Pinotti's goal: 2,000,000 dung-cured homes, the end of Chagas' disease within a generation.

Heal Thyself?

Into the Vienna circle of pioneer psychoanalysts, Alfred Adler introduced an odd recruit in 1906. Unlike the Master, Sigmund Freud, and Adler himself (then chief disciple), the new convert was no mature physician but a green-horny youth of 21 who had not even finished high school, and was making a poor living as a mechanic. His name: Otto Rank.

Freud took kindly to Rank, a fellow Viennese of underprivileged Jewish extraction, encouraged him to finish *Gymnasium* (equivalent to U.S. high school and junior college) and get a Ph.D. in psychology. Rank served as secretary of Vienna's informal analytic trust and head of its publishing activities. He presented pseudo-scientific papers at analytic congresses, won kudos from Freud as his superior in dream interpretation. When psychoanalysis made its heaviest impact on psychiatry and education just after World War I Rank was a respected eminence in the top hierarchy, with vast power as a mold of minds. In these same 20-years he ran the gamut from infantile adulation of Freud, through emulation, to a break with the Master on matters of doctrine.*

One of Rank's most devoted disciples: Jessie Taft, psychologist and professor in the University of Pennsylvania's School of Social Work. In *Otto Rank* (Julian Press: \$6.00). Disciple Taft, 76 this week and retired, reveals the agonizing details of Rank's character that a dozen years of personal association and years of painstaking research have provided. In unsophisticated, pre-Freudian days it would have been considered shocking that a man so disturbed should win such acceptance.

Sex at Six. Though Biographer Taft makes no claim to impartiality, she is painstakingly honest. Rank, she discloses,

* Of the eight apostles who at various times were closest to Freud, four eventually defected: Alfred Adler and Carl G. Jung (by far the most famed of his followers); Rank; and Sandor Ferenczi (who has been called emotionally disturbed).

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had a miserable childhood in a household where nobody spoke except in a scream. He suffered "joint rheumatism," which at 10 "caused a heart ailment." At 19, too, he wrote of the friend who had provided his first erotic experience (age six): "I still curse him even today."

Adolescent Rank was successively infatuated with Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Wagner. Lonely, understood by nobody (a fact that Psychologist Taft makes thoroughly understandable), Rank early and arrogantly declared himself an "artist"—a designation that he viewed as equivalent to a patent of nobility. He also nominated himself a genius appropriately became so tortured that he considered suicide (May 14, 1904, "Today I bought a weapon to kill myself").

Among Rank's chief qualifications for membership in Freud's Wednesday Psychological Society were an inordinate interest in sex, a self-appointed expertise in the interpretation of dreams, and an infinite capacity for making vast, galactic generalizations about the nature of man without an atom of fact to support them. Even Freud, a forgiving father-figure, saw the flaws in Rank's intellectual apparatus. It seemed to Freud that if Rank had had the discipline of studying for an M.D. degree, he would have learned enough about the scientific method of stay out of trouble.

Agony of Birth. With the hindsight afforded by Jessie Taft's searching study, it is clear that Freud himself was guilty of unscientific wishful thinking. Nothing interested Rank less than facts. Freud made him rewrite *The Artist* in 1907 because it was both sloppy and too sweeping. Freud became too busy to keep a tight rein on Rank; by 1923, the Master accepted the dedication of *The Trauma of Birth* without having had read the manuscript. This was the beginning of the end of Rank the Disciple, and marked his self-appointment as the messiah of a new cult (openly proclaimed in 1929). Its credo: virtually everything wrong with man results from the painful experience of birth. Later he proposed the idea—monstrous to orthodox Freudians—that patients in analysis must exercise will power.

In Rank's later years his behavior was more appropriate to the role of patient than of therapist. He went through one emotional crisis after another (diagnosed by famed Freud Biographer Ernest Jones as a mild manic-depressive psychosis), even suffered artist's and writer's "block"—a symptom that analysts claim to relieve most effectively. Of Rank's death from an infection (probably streptococcal in Manhattan's Polyclinic Hospital in 1930, Jessie Taft writes: "Always he feared drugs, and insisted that his organism refused to accept them. An undoubtedly irrational sense of the inviolability of his body as well as his spirit may have worked against a cure." One thing certain from Biographer Taft's candid pages: in the post-Freud patter of the cocktail hour, Otto Rank was "sick, sick, sick."



*Towers above them all MARTIN'S V.V.O.
the Scotsman's Scotch*

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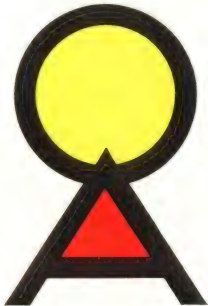


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G. G. G.



Photo by Jan Abbot

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What's new in this picture? Just look at the ways in which paper is being used. In addition to the paper apron, chef's hat and table covering, you see a paper ice bucket, paper trays for hot and cold foods, a paper ice cream bag, paper bowls for dressings and relishes . . . even special freezer paper for meats and vegetables!

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EDUCATION

Education Race (Contd.)

New evidence came from Russia last week that Soviet education is fast-growing and surprisingly healthy. Said awed U.S. Commissioner of Education Lawrence Derthick, back from Russia with nine colleagues after a month-long tour: "We were simply not prepared for the degree to which the U.S.S.R., as a nation, is committed to education as a means of national advancement. [It is] a total commitment. We witnessed an education-centered economy. The privileged class in Russia is the children."

Russians, he said, are convinced that "children, schools and hard work will win them their place in the sun, and on the moon." Derthick was quick to assure listeners in Washington's National Press Club that he was not "extolling the virtues and purposes of Russian schools. Their system would not fit our way of life." Russian education, he said, aims to fulfill "the collective rather than the individual needs of the people." Some of his particulars on the collective approach to education:

Russia has no teacher shortage. Only one out of six young people who want to become teachers is chosen. Salaries are comparable to those of doctors and engineers. Working conditions are good. Foreign languages are widely taught; about 45% of ten-year-school students are studying English, 35% German, 20% French. Education of children extends through the summertime; adult education is booming. There is, of course, no shortage of money in any phase of Russian education. Derthick's conclusion: he would still put the best U.S. schools up against "any in the world," but the American people should get "fired inside" about U.S. schools that do not fit that category.

The \$1,000 Word

From the underbrush of words that everyone knows but not everyone can spell (*twird*, *harass*), the 31st Annual National Spelling Bee had progressed to the dark, scary forest of such growths as *distichous*, *oburgation*, *epheles*, *abatiss* and *couisse*, that few can spell and few, least of all the handful of youngsters still competing in the ballroom of Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel, can translate into everyday English. In the second day and the 19th round of the spell-down, 13-year-old Betty Morgan, whose horn-blowing, flag-waving claque from Washington's St. Thomas Apostolic School had cheered her through *spinosity*, *serriform* and *caliginous*, choked up on *chlaus*. Only four spellers were left: Stanley A. Schmidt, 14, entrant of the Cincinnati *Post* and station WCPO (each contestant was escorted by a markedly unobjective newsmen from his home-town paper); Terry Madeira, 13, Harrisburg *Patriot* and *News*; Tina Strauss, 13, Pittsburgh *Press*; and 14-year-old Jolitta Schlehuber, Topeka *Capital*.

For two more rounds and part of a

third, they fought without faltering through such helter-splatters as *recolesce*, *baccivorous* and *jardiniere*. Then Jolitta, hearing *dissyllabic* correctly pronounced with a short *i* in the first syllable, asked if it could be pronounced "dye..." That pronunciation was wrong, but she was told to go ahead. When she misspelled the word (only one *i*), judges decided that she had been misled. Jolitta was allowed to try *quincunx*. She spelled it, and, in spite of protests from Pittsburgh *Press*-man Joe Williams, Tina's escort, the deadlock continued.

In the 24th round, Terry stumbled on another pronunciation tangle, correctly



Associated Press
CHAMPION SCHLEHUBER
Dissyllabic was caliginous.

spelled her substitute word. A round later, Tina failed on *soubise*. Chance for a male uprising—no boy has won since 1954—ended in the 26th round when Stanley splashed into *canaliculus*. Jolitta, blonde, scrubbed, and pretty in a pink cotton dress that she made herself, easily tobogganed through *pogamoggan* and *rigescent*. Terry spelled *coruscant* and *sirocco* with no trouble.

Then Terry spelled *propylaeum* as "propileum." Confidently, just as if she knew that the word means a vestibule or entrance, Jolitta spelled it correctly, then topped it off with *syllipsis* (the use of a word to modify two or more others, only one of which it agrees with in gender, number, etc.). Prize for Terry Madeira, an eighth-grader at Elizabethtown (Pa.) Junior High School: \$500. For Jolitta, an eighth-grader at Harmony Rural School in McPherson, Kans., who studies spelling with her schoolteacher mother, plans to become a missionary, use most of the money for her education: \$1,000.

Kudos

Boston College

Jacques Maritain, philosopher and teacher LL.D.
Raissa Maritain, philosopher LL.D.
Barnaby C. Keeney, president, Brown University LL.D.

Boston University

Sol Hurok, impresario LL.D.

Citation: "Whose name is synonymous with the supreme in art, opera, ballet, theater."

Bowdoin College

William Zorach, sculptor M.A.

Bradley University

Roy Edward Larsen, president, Time Inc. LL.D. in Journalism
Charles Kettering, inventor Sc.D.

Citation: "Noted throughout his career for undertaking and solving problems deemed insolvable by many..."

Chapman College

Leslie LeRoy Irvin, inventor of the ripcord-opened parachute LL.D.

College of the Holy Cross

General Alfred M. Gruenther, president, American Red Cross Sc.D.

Emerson College

Joseph Nye Welch, the Army's attorney in the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings LL.D.

Citation: "You have challenged demagoguery in high places... exposed... the subtle threats to our national freedom and cherished liberties..."

Georgetown University

John Joseph Hearne, Irish Ambassador to the U.S. LL.D.

Citation: "A most upright and conscientious gentleman, one in whom, as the orator Cicero said of another, there appears the embodiment of culture, of gentle wit, of amiability and of charm."

Harvard University

Hans Bethe, physicist Sc.D.

Citation: "A distinguished contributor to modern physical theory, a forthright expositor of the public implications of science."

Nadia Boulanger, composer, conductor and teacher Mus.D.

Eleanor Touraif Glueck, research criminologist Sc.D.

Sheldon Glueck, criminologist and teacher of law Sc.D.

General Alfred M. Gruenther, president, American Red Cross LL.D.

Wallace K. Harrison, architect for U.N. headquarters D.Arts

Neil H. McElroy, Secretary of Defense LL.D.

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Dwight D. Eisenhower LL.D.
Maurice Harold Macmillan, Prime Minister of Great Britain LL.D.



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Oberlin College

Harry Scott Ashmore, Pulitzer prize-winning editor, Little Rock's *Arkansas Gazette* L.L.D.

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University of Pittsburgh

Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher, *New York Times* L.L.D.

University of Rochester

Robert Maynard Hutchins, president, Fund for the Republic L.L.D.

University of the South

Roger Blough, board chairman, U.S. Steel Co. D.C.L.

Wittenberg College

Eric Sevareid, broadcaster and news analyst Litt.D.

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ZERO PLUS 3

The story of the coat hanger that saved a jet pilot

It happened during an H-bomb test near Eniwetok.

Air Force planes had to be at exact altitudes and distances before shot time. A special radar system permitted personnel of the command ship to identify each aircraft and check its position on the radar scopes.

The shot went off as planned, but when the shock wave hit the ship, it knocked out the special radar antenna high on the mast.

The Raytheon Field Engineer* on board went into action. He quickly fashioned an emergency antenna from a metal coat hanger, climbed the mast,

and taped the antenna in place.

With the system working again, it was discovered that one pilot was flying in the reverse direction—out to sea. An Air Force officer reported that the prompt restoration of the special radar undoubtedly made it possible to save this pilot and his plane.

Raytheon Field Engineers work with the Armed Forces to keep electronic equipment in top operating condition. Their skills are another reason why Raytheon has earned its reputation for "Excellence in Electronics".

*Edward K. Doherr, now Asst. Mgr., Government Services Division.



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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

In the Richmond (Va.) *News Leader*:

WEEKS SAYS ECONOMY
REACHES SLUMP PEAK

Top-Level Dispute

No newspaper in the world has more distinguished byliners than the massive New York Times. With its so foreign correspondents alone, there can be and sometimes are differences in interpretation of the same situation to be spotted by the close reader. Last week readers close and casual were enjoying a dispute of higher visibility between two top Timesmen. The debaters: Pundit Arthur Krock, 71, and his longtime friend and colleague James ("Scotty") Reston, 48, chief of the Times's Washington bureau.

The two men have differed in the past, e.g., Reston was generally a defender of onetime Secretary of State Dean Acheson. Krock a critic. But Krock thought so highly of his younger colleague in 1953 that he moved aside as the Times's Washington bureau chief so that Reston could have the job, thereby thwarted the Washington Post and Times Herald's hopes of landing Scotty as editor. Their recent differences seem more pointed and more specific. Though Krock never mentions Reston by name in his critiques, there can be no doubt of his target. Items:

¶ Last week Reston cited in glowing terms the "serious and thoughtful" commencement address of Yale President Whitney Griswold, who said that "we have had enough of the pious cant that says the Sputniks were a good thing because they will wake us up. This is worse than making a virtue of necessity. It is making a virtue of disaster." Next day

Krock shrugged off Griswold's speech as unclear, pointedly reversed Reston-Griswold's own rhetoric to declare that "disaster can at least be invested with the virtue of awakening the sleeper to his peril."

¶ When Reston said De Gaulle's ascension to power in France so threatened the U.S.'s European policy that "even the modest gains of the past are now in jeopardy," Krock clucked that this sort of "anxious disapproval" was being expressed "largely by some currently displaced foreign policy-makers of the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations," tartly added that "these American liberals" apparently prefer chaos to De Gaulle.

¶ "Remarkable" was Reston's word for a commencement address by Adlai E. Stevenson, which called for a committee of experts to work out a long-range economic recovery program for the free world. Said Krock: "The files already are bulging with a dozen such formulations by 'committees of experts.'"

This skirmishing between old and esteemed staffers delights the Times, which requires neither man to conform to any policy, including its own editorials. Says Reston: "Two guys looking at a story are bound to see it in different ways. Why not print both views? I think this is the proper expression of journalism."

Newspaper Strike

When a Teamsters' strike shut off circulation of the Philadelphia Bulletin and Inquirer and the nearby Camden Courier-Post, all three managements decided to get out their papers anyway, and hope the customers would come to them. Last week, as the strike entered its third week, the customers were still coming in droves. Long lines patiently queued up all day in the lobbies of the Philadelphia Bulletin



Walter Bennett
TIMES PUNDIT RESTON
From adjoining columns . . .



TIMES PUNDIT KROCK
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All the propaganda that will fit.

and *Inquirer* in downtown Philadelphia. In Camden, just across the Delaware River, traffic jammed bumper to bumper around the *Courier-Post's* building to buy copies from vendors, who have included, on occasion, President-Publisher Mrs. Frances G. Stretch, her three children and granddaughter.

Complicating matters for the *Inquirer* (pre-strike circ. 619,054) was a simultaneous strike of most of its 710 American Newspaper Guild employees on issues of wages and benefits. Still a dozen *Inquirer* executives, plus 70 nonstriking Guildsmen, were managing to get out some 17,000 copies a day. The non-Guild *Bulletin* (707,406) was selling more than 100,000 copies daily in its lobby. Neither paper was accepting ads.

Only nonstruck major Philadelphia paper was the *Daily News* (circ. 191,666) of Walter H. Annenberg's Triangle Publications, which also owns the *Inquirer*. The *News* was standing steady at its normal press run, refusing to take any extra ads, and discreetly printing almost nothing about the strike.

For enterprising Philadelphia small fry, the strike was a bonanza of sorts. They bought up piles of the papers at 5¢ a copy in the downtown offices, hawked them in the suburbs for as much as 15¢ each. But some ran into a hazard undreamed of in their teen-age philosophy. Striking Teamsters intercepted them, took their papers and dumped the bundles into the murky waters of the Schuylkill River.

The Voice of Red China

The paper is a colossal bore. Turgid editorials crawl on, column after column; leaden propaganda handouts in the form of "news" stories weigh down the front page. But in Communist China, nearly everyone who is anyone reads the *People's Daily* of Peking—and for good reason. As the official organ of both party and gov-

ernment, the eight-page daily (circ. 700,000) is handbook and scripture to right-thinking Chinese Reds.

Last week *People's Daily* celebrated the tenth anniversary of its birth in 1948 in Yenan, whence the Communist leaders had launched their grab for all China. Today the paper employs 500 card-carrying newsmen, has just moved into a gleaming new Peking building equipped with eight gleaming new presses from East Germany, and can claim some of the most devoted readers in the world. Issues are posted at city intersections, read aloud down on the farm, devoured top to bottom and right to left by jailed counter-revolutionaries taking the cure, and spelled out by Asiatic nomads who will walk many a mile for the camel that brings in their copies.

Tract & Polemic. *People's Daily*, largest and most widely circulated journal ever published in China, is edited by shy, chain-smoking Wu Leng-hsi, who reportedly lost an eye fighting during the civil war. Wu is also director of the government's Hsinhua News Agency ("the ear and mouth of the Party, Government and People"), which is closely allied to *People's Daily*. Has 31 bureaus in China and 23 overseas, e.g., Geneva, London, Paris, but not the U.S.

Since both *People's Daily* and Hsinhua (also known as the New China News Agency) are directly responsible to the party's propaganda department, Editor Wu gives his readers their three cents' worth of tract and polemic. Major party decisions are announced in customarily unsigned editorials, e.g., last month's blast at "deviationist" Yugoslavia. On occasion, *People's Daily* even carries punditry under the most imposing bylines in the nation: Premier Chou En-lai and Party Chairman Mao Tse-tung.

To ease the ennui of story after story on agriculture reform and steel produc-

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*NEITHER WILL OUR 39 OTHER COLORS!

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tion. *People's Daily* offers no sports page, no comics, no Peking Tom gossipists. Instead, the paper prints letters from readers complaining about such matters as the size of bicycles ("I am 4 ft. 10 in. tall, and I've been waiting for a suitably sized bicycle for years"), and leaky fountain pens exported to Russia ("The consequences could be bad"). Occasionally, someone will attack a minor partyman. Item: an official named Kuo Pei-cheng was accused of keeping a 14-year-old girl up until midnight "so that he could help her with her own private five-year plan."

Fact & Fancy. And then there are always the Americans to brighten things up. Nearly every issue carries a feature called "So This Is Life in the 'Free World.'" a mishmash of fact and fancy headed by a caricature of two gangsters armed with a truncheon and a revolver. Samples:

¶ "Fear how gambling [illegal in China] flourishes in the Kingdom of the Dollar: The governor of Nevada says that gam-

bling is just a lawful business in his state. It's the main source of state revenue."

¶ "American tradition: the American wife of a foreign prince bought a Negress from Africa as a maidservant for her club in the Austrian Alps. She said she considered the price—\$200—as fair and added: 'I'm a native of Georgia, where it's a tradition to have Negro slaves. That's why I bought the girl.'"

People's Daily serves local news to Red China's 170-odd provincial dailies, but the government has recently taken the precaution of nationalizing every one of them to ensure proper interpretation. In his own shop, Editor Wu is busy purging newsmen who were incautious enough to take up Chairman Mao's invitation a year ago to criticize the government. Since Christmas, at least 13 *People's Daily* staffers have been sacked for straying off their Marx. The official charge: "Seeking the so-called freedom of bourgeois correspondents to find out whatever they could."

MILESTONES

Married. Teresita Magsaysay, 24, eldest daughter of the Philippines' late President Ramon Magsaysay; and 1st Lieut. Francisco Vargas, 24, son of Defense Secretary Jesus Vargas; in Quezon City, Philippine Islands.

Died. Robert Donat, 53, English stage and cinemactor, memorable Schoolmaster Chipping in the screen adaptation of James Hilton's novel *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*; after a lifelong battle with asthma; in London. An actor at 16, he put in the better part of ten years absorbing the rough, tiring, incomparable dramatic education offered by provincial repertory work. In 1930 he arrived in London's West End, began a series of outstanding appearances (in *Precious Bane*, *A Sleeping Clergyman*, Shaw's *St. Joan* and *The Devil's Disciple*), which reached its height in his superb treatment of Archbishop Thomas Becket in T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* (1953). On the screen, meanwhile, he was achieving international celebrity, won the 1939 Oscar for *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, also made such first-rate films as *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*, *The Ghost Goes West*, *The Winslow Boy*. This spring, making *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* with Ingrid Bergman, he could barely find breath to say his lines, collapsed soon after his last scene was shot.

Died. Jean Harlow Carpenter Bello, 67, mother of Cinematress Jean Harlow (real name: Harlean Carpenter); of heart disease; in Los Angeles' Good Samaritan hospital, where 26-year-old Jean Harlow died in 1937 of cerebral edema following acute uremia. An authentic stage mother, Jean Bello made no secret of her onetime ambition to act, took her teen-age daughter to Hollywood in the late '20s, launched her career with exotic flue. First, Harlean was willed her mother's maiden

name; then the family took up residence in a multi-roomed home, gave lavish parties. Mrs. Bello and Jean zipped around town in a chauffeur-driven limousine. At the wheel: Marino Bello, stepfather and obedient husband. Before long, Howard Hughes signed Jean for *Hell's Angels*, type-cast her in a sternum-cut evening gown, matched it with deathless dialogue ("Do you mind if I slip into something more comfortable?").

Died. Pierre-Etienne Flandin, 69, onetime (1934-35) French Premier, known for his great height as "*Le Gratte-ciel*" (The Skyscraper); after long illness; in St.-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, France. As Foreign Minister in 1936, Flandin strongly advocated armed Franco-British resistance to the Nazi occupation of the Rhineland—an action that might have cut short the growth of Hitler's power. Showing no tricolor when war came, *Le Gratte-ciel* turned up in the Vichy government, stood trial in 1946 for collaboration, smooth-talked his way out of imprisonment.

Died. Clarence De Mar, 70, seven-time winner of the Boston Marathon, who last competed in the 26-mile, 385-yd. race just four years ago, once loped 38 miles to catch a train; of cancer; in Reading, Mass.

Died. Sam Higginbottom, 83, onetime (1939-40) Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., longtime missionary to India, former president of Allahabad Christian College; after a heart attack; in Port Washington, N.Y. British-born, U.S.-educated Sam Higginbottom, distressed by man's fate in the India he first visited in 1903 ("In those villages it took no effort to die"), studied agriculture at Ohio State University, returned to introduce crop rotation, irrigation and contour farming.



Idea power in action: BH&G inspires a roomful of ideas for teen-age sisters

There's nothing so powerful as an idea!

Better Homes & Gardens is a monthly parade of ideas about the wonder-world of things that interest home-and-family-centered men and women and their children. Ideas that lead them from one thing to another.

Redecorating the girls' room, for instance. BH&G sparks the idea in the first place. Which leads to how-to-do-it ideas. How to organize the beloved paper "litter" that's part of growing up. (Idea: a giant bulletin board.) Where to house a record player, records, radio. (Idea: a window-wall with a

built-in abundance of shelf and drawer space.) Ideas for curtains, bedspreads, slip covers, rug—and all from the pages of Better Homes & Gardens.

BH&G's readers literally "live by the book"—and "the book" is Better Homes & Gardens. That's what makes BH&G unique among all major advertising media as a showcase for any product that helps families to live better. *Meredith of Des Moines . . . America's biggest publisher of ideas for today's living and tomorrow's plans*

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Edison and an early mimeograph machine, 1876. The McGraw-Edison Company carries on his tradition of invention.



FOUND: a better way to take an atomic temperature

—Rigid temperature control means survival on today's atomic subs. This is why Edison Omnigard monitors and resistance temperature indicators from McGraw-Edison's Instrument Division—acknowledged leader in resistance thermometry—monitor the temperature of all machinery including the nuclear reactors and sound the alarm if the danger point is reached anywhere on the ship. Their unmatched speed of response and accuracy pay off in safety for the crew.

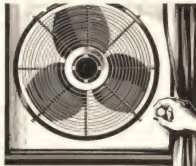
FOUND: a better way to build a bigger hush

—Silence is golden in the huge anechoic chamber of the new million-dollar research laboratory of McGraw-Edison's Pennsylvania Transformer Division. In this soundproofed room, large transformers of the kind usually located near residential or commercial areas are thoroughly analyzed as part of the Division's successful continuing effort to reduce their noise level.



FOUND: a better way to rule the waves

—Soft, fluffy, more radiant hair can be yours through the modern magic of a Tropic-Aire Hair Dryer from the Bersted Division. Hot or cold air dries your hair quickly, helps you to set home permanents.



FOUND: a better way to dial springtime weather

—Dial your comfort with the new automatic window fan by McGraw-Edison's Manning-Bowman Division. The thermostat does the rest, turns fan on or off as room temperature changes.



With our compliments. We would like to send you this handsome reproduction of the Edison motto; just write us on your business letterhead. We feel Thomas A. Edison's words characterize the spirit of many American businesses.

30 divisions and subsidiaries making dependable electric products for utilities, for industry, for the home. For further information about our company or its products, write on your business letterhead to McGraw-Edison Company, 1200 St. Charles Road, Elgin, Illinois.

McGRAW-EDISON COMPANY



BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS What Wall Street Saw

How deeply has the recession chewed into U.S. corporate profits? The Federal Reserve Board last week reported that in the first quarter of 1958, after-tax profits of manufacturing corporations tumbled 40.7% compared to first quarter 1957. Nondurable producers were off 32.1%, while durable-goods producers fell 46.1%, with primary metals and metal products (down 54%) and auto companies (down 52.2%) taking the worst licking. Yet once again Wall Street was busy looking ahead instead of backwards. With steady rises in most important groups, the stock market climbed another 5.17 points on the Dow-Jones industrial average to new high ground for the year at 474.77, just a little better than midway between the boom-time high and the recession low.

What Wall Street saw:

Chain store sales last month rose sharply, were 5.1% better than 1957. Total sales for 44 big chains so far this year: \$6.7 billion, 3.7% higher than last year.

Private housing starts jumped 7,300 units in May, passing a rate of 1,000,000 for the first time since January.

Appliance sales by manufacturers turned up in May as dealers started rebuilding depleted stocks. Though the rise might be seasonal, the National Electrical Manufacturers Assn. reported electric ranges up 7%, refrigerators up 33%, farm and home freezers up 19%.

Auto production increased another 11.2% last week to keep time with rising sales, though so far this year it is still 34.1% behind 1957.

Industrial production rose to 127 in May on the Federal Reserve Board index, up a point since April and the first rise in nine months.

As for prices—they looked to be on the way up, too. Both Westinghouse President Mark W. Cresap Jr. and General Electric President Robert Paxton saw little chance of a price cut in appliances. Instead talked of price increases forced on the industry by higher labor and material costs. In steel, which picked up speed to a scheduled operating rate of 63.8%, a little price cutting cropped up in the Detroit area, where Great Lakes Steel Corp. chopped prices \$2 a ton. But it was strictly a cut to meet local competition and not likely to spread. The industry soon expects to hike prices to cover the automatic wage increase going into effect on July 1. Consensus: probably \$5-\$6 per ton.

Key to the Future

One of the most important guideposts of the U.S. economy goes by the jaw-breaking name of Diffusion Indexes of Business Indicators. The indexes, compiled by the National Bureau of Economic Research, are becoming widely used by major corporations and such top economists as Dr. Raymond J. Saulnier, head of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, and his predecessor, Arthur Burns, to predict the course of the economy. Last week the diffusion indexes gave a signal that the economy had about touched bottom.

Leaders & Laggards. The indexes use statistics from 21 different areas that cover the important segments of the nation's economy—production, employment,

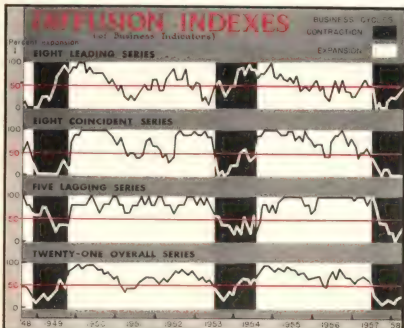
income, prices, etc. When all statistics are moving up, the diffusion indexes read 100. When all are moving down, the indexes are zero. If half are moving up and half down, the indexes are 50. When the indexes drop below 50, it means the economy is contracting; when they rise above 50, the economy is expanding. The basic 21 are broken down into three groups called 1) the Leading Series, 2) the Coincident Series, and 3) the Lagging Series (see chart).

The Leading group is the most important because it generally gives the first signals as to where the economy is going rather than where it has been. It includes areas that have historically risen and fallen from four to nine months before the overall economy has changed course. Among the figures used in the Leading group: average man-hours worked in basic manufacturing industries, Dow-Jones industrial averages, new orders for durable goods, spot commodity prices, F. W. Dodge reports on industrial and residential construction contracts.

The Coincident Series includes key areas that have traditionally risen and fallen along with the general business cycle, e.g., corporate profits, industrial production. The Lagging Series includes areas that generally lag behind the curve of the economy, e.g., manufacturers' inventories and interest rates on business loans. Finally, the Leading, the Coincident and the Lagging Series are added together in a composite index, which is less sensitive but more accurate than the Leading Series alone. In the past, when the Leading Series turned in one direction and the Composite Series moved in the same direction several months afterwards, the economy has usually followed in that direction. Therefore, the leaders give the first clues, and the composites later confirm them as a trend.

Alarms & Accuracy. First compiled by Burns, now head of the National Bureau of Economic Research, the indexes have been expanded and sharpened by Bureau Economist Geoffrey Moore. As with all indicators, the diffusion indexes have produced some false alarms. But the Leading Series has forecast all the postwar recessions. Last May 1957, two months before the economy reached the peak, the Leading group nosed down to signal trouble ahead. But the real warning came last August, when the composite index of all 21 areas started a fast slide.

Last week many of the lead indicators were pointing up. The Leading group is expected to show a rise for May, and climb above the 50 mark for the first time in a year. This is a good though not infallible sign that the economy has seen the worst. Said Economist Moore: "The way these indicators have behaved, an upturn in business activity should come during the second half of 1958. But business activity may not return to the peak levels of last July until late 1959 or early 1960."



Time Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr. from National Bureau of Economic Research

Opening Throttle

For the first time in six months, the nation's stalled railroads showed signs of picking up speed. Freight loadings jumped 7% in a fortnight, hit a 1958 high of 612,715 cars. The rise was in all types of freight, with the most significant gain in wheat shipments. Railroadmen expect that wheat shipments will reach a peak around July 4, stay high as the U.S. harvests its fourth fattest crop in history.

Good news also came from Washington. The rail relief bill (TIME, May 5) rode through the Senate, and a similar bill unanimously passed the House Commerce Committee. Both bills (1) provide for the U.S. to guarantee private loans to the rails (the Senate set a \$700 million limit, but the House set no ceiling), (2) give greater power to the Interstate Commerce Commission to reduce service on money-losing routes, (3) tighten up on truckers now exempt from ICC rate regulations. Since chances seemed good that a relief bill would become law within a month, almost all major rail stocks advanced last week. The Dow-Jones rail index closed at the year's high of 119.21, up 19.32 points from the low in January.

For the ailing, 112-year-old Pennsylvania Railroad, "this is going to be the worst year." The 1958 deficit, said Vice President David C. Bevan last week, will top the \$4,048,000 loss of 1946, only other year that the Pennsy was in the red. The line has lost money for seven straight months, and "July will be very bad."

Copper Fever

Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, who got only tepid support from miners for his Domestic Mineral Stabilization Plan (TIME, May 19), last week won more enthusiasm with a new proposal for copper. The new one-year plan calls for Government stockpile purchases of up to 150,000 tons at prices up to 27½¢ per lb. (v. the present producers' price of 25¢ per lb.) in addition to the 10,000 tons a month the Government already buys for the stockpile. Western mining-state Congressmen like the stockpiling plan better than the out-and-out subsidy previously suggested, thus are expected to support the reciprocal trade agreements (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) instead of backing the recommendations of the Tariff Commission for tariff boosts which have already caused the U.S. trouble in South America.

The Seaton plan touched off a burst of speculation in the metal. Copper futures rose briefly; custom smelters boosted their prices 1¢ to 26¢ per lb., and the free market price of copper on the London Metal Exchange rose to 25½¢ per lb., highest since September 1957, before it fell back. Though domestic stocks of refined copper are 253,463 tons, highest since World War II, traders figured that the stockpiling could cut down the surplus, pave the way for a rise from the 25¢-per-lb. price still maintained by primary producers. But copper miners pointed out that

TIME CLOCK

LIGHT, COMPACT CAR with aluminum rear engine may be brought out by General Motors by late 1959. Detroit buzzes that car will be low and short (102- to 108-in. wheelbase), may get 30-40 miles per gallon. Expected price: \$1,800-\$2,200.

HIGH TRADE PRICES will stay all year because output, already low, is dropping farther than most forecasters had expected. Per capita meat production in U.S. this year will be 151 lbs. v. 159 lbs. last year.

FAIR TRADE COMEBACK will be tried by General Electric, which ostensibly gave up its longtime crusade for list prices last winter (TIME, March 10). As a start, company will sell a quality-type electric blanket only to stores that sign contracts agreeing to factory-set prices (\$47.95 for a double-bed size).

ARISTOTLE ONASSIS has been sued by U.S. Government on charges that he reneged on promise to build

\$50 million worth of tankers in U.S. yards. Onassis made the pledge in return for Government's permission to transfer 14 of his U.S.-flag ships to cut-rate Liberian registry (TIME, July 16, 1956). Government wants ships returned, plus the \$20 million in estimated profits they made in last year and a half.

SOIL-BANK PAYMENTS will be boosted from average \$10 per acre to \$13.50 to induce more farmers to withdraw land from production. Farmers so far have signed up for only half of the \$325 million appropriated to program for fiscal 1958.

TWO LUXURY SHIPS will be built for \$200 million—55% paid by Government—and will bolster domestic lines that have been losing tourist trade to foreign-flag ships. A 2,000-passenger ship, similar to S.S. *United States*, will go to United States Lines to replace aging S.S. *America* on North Atlantic run. The other will go to American President Lines for use in Pacific.

AUTOS

Successful Invasion

Foreign cars captured a record 7% of the U.S. market in April, more than double last year's level. West Germany's Volkswagen alone outsold Chrysler and DeSoto, was more than double sales of Studebaker, Edsel or Lincoln.

FOREIGN TRADE

Rockefeller Blueprint

A blueprint for boosting world trade and developing backward countries was laid down this week in *Foreign Economic Policy for the Twentieth Century*, third in a series of special reports by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund (TIME, Jan. 13). Said the report: "There exists no vocal constituency for foreign economic policy. As a result, foreign economic policy has all too often become simply a response to a series of separate crises. Nothing is more important, therefore, than to bring about the conviction that a sustained and imaginative policy is crucial not only for our self-interest but for the peace and well-being of the entire world."

One of the foundations for a foreign economic policy is a reciprocal trade broadening of pacts. The report goes much further than the reciprocal trade bill passed last week by the House, wants the program to be made a permanent part of national policy, with broader presidential powers and a reconsideration of such hobbling provisions as escape clauses and peril points. To answer protectionists, the report points out that 4,500,000 U.S. workers depend directly on foreign trade, contribute to a trade surplus of \$6 billion a year. While "it is unavoidable that some of our imports will compete with segments of domestic production . . . American industry is well able to meet such competition." Trade liberalization "will

any real pickup would have to come from copper consumers, who have yet to increase their buying. Said Phelps Dodge's President Robert G. Page: "There has been more buying in two or three days, but this in itself is not evidence of a pickup in consumer demand. More likely such buying is speculative. It is premature to predict a rise in producers' prices."

Stretching the Debt

When Robert B. Anderson Jr. took over as Secretary of the Treasury about a year ago, the nation's finances were—as even retiring Secretary George M. Humphrey agreed—"in a mess." The Treasury had to refinance some \$7.5 billion (28%) of the U.S. debt within a year, and the attraction—demands for cash—in refinancing operations had been running as high as an alarming 30%. Secretary Anderson set out to lengthen the average maturity of the federal debt, which had shrunk to 57 months, thus keep the Treasury from going to the market so often. He hoped to lessen competition with municipal and corporate issues, give the Federal Reserve a freer hand in controlling the money supply. In spite of complaints from money men that long-term issues would hinder the easing of money rates, Anderson tried several such issues. He judged the market shrewdly. Fortnight ago his longest-term issue (27 years), for \$1 billion, was heavily oversubscribed.

Last week the Treasury announced that it had completed a \$9.6 billion refinancing which stretched the average maturity of the federal debt from 58 months to 63 months. Holders of maturing securities gave the Treasury a pleasant surprise, swapped all but 3.7% of their holdings for two new Treasury issues. The Treasury had to pay out only \$356 million in cash. It hopes now to stay out of the market until July, when it will refinance \$11.5 billion that comes due Aug. 1.

THE PRICE OF GOLD

An "Indecent" Question For Financiers

ASKED about the possibility of a change in the 24-year-old price of gold, Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan last week replied: "That is one of those questions it is even indecent to ask and still more improper to answer." Nevertheless, the question is rapidly becoming topic A in the world's financial capitals, and gold itself booms as a major new weapon in the trade war between East and West. The economic possibilities produced a speculative fever that is sweeping markets in London, Toronto and New York City, pushing many gold shares to new highs.

Part of the sudden interest is due to the U.S. recession. With price and production largely stabilized by governments, gold-mining companies always grow more attractive in periods of deflation. But far more intriguing to speculators is the hope that gold will be revalued for the first time since 1934, possibly rising from \$35 per oz. to \$50 or more. One of the main arguments for revaluation: the U.S. is losing some of its vast hoard of gold in what appears to be a flight from the dollar. In the last four months alone, foreign purchases have drained \$1.2 billion from U.S. gold stocks. If the outflow continues at this rate, it will top \$3.6 billion in 1958—a loss greater than in either 1949 or 1954.

One immediate effect of the drain is that it forced the Federal Reserve to ease bank reserves by \$450 million last April to counteract the tightening effect on domestic bank reserves. A much more serious potential effect is on the stability of the U.S. dollar. The U.S. has total Treasury stocks of \$21.6 billion, about 67% of the free world's supply of monetary gold. Since it needs only \$11.4 billion to provide the legal 25% gold-backing for the Federal Reserve's notes and liabilities, the U.S. apparently has a comfortable \$10 billion surplus. Actually, this surplus is illusory; foreign governments and individuals increased their holdings of various U.S. securities callable within one year to a total of \$13.7 billion, which leaves the U.S. with a \$3.5 billion "technical deficit."

Most experts scout the possibility of such a run. Foreign governments would demand gold only under conditions of imminent catastrophe. Much of the outflow, says George Willis, Treasury Director of International Finance, "is due to the normal recovery of Europe." Since 1950, Europe has doubled its gold reserves to \$8 billion with big gains for Belgium, The Netherlands, West Germany.

The Treasury's view of normalcy is open to question. The switch from inflow to outflow coincided not with the "normal recovery of Europe" but with the U.S. recession. U.S. exports are down a sharp 25% this year, but imports are holding steady, causing a shift in the balance of trade. Some experts even see the accelerating conversion as a calculated campaign to force the U.S. into a price boost.

True or not, there is plenty of pressure from all sides. London's *Economist* calls for a 300% hike in the price of gold to bring it in line with other increases, and every miner hopes for a price boost to pay rising costs and improve profits. A more important argument for a higher gold price is that it will help foreign trade. Financial men argue that the world simply does not have enough gold. South Africa's W. J. Busschau, manager of the New Consolidated Gold Fields, Ltd. and one of the world's leading gold experts, argues persuasively that while the free-world money supply has increased fourfold since 1938, gold stocks are up only 40%. To make this comparatively small amount finance the growing volume of world trade, says Busschau, the price should be hiked, not just by the U.S. but by world agreement so that all currencies would remain the same in relation to one another.

The U.S. Government is against any such price boost, arguing that the main gainers would be large gold holders—the U.S., France, West Germany, Switzerland—while the losers would be the underdeveloped nations of the Middle East and Asia, which have enough trouble as it is earning hard currencies to buy gold.

The greatest gainer of all would be Soviet Russia, with production estimated as high as \$600 million annually and gold stocks at \$8 billion. Some experts, such as Manhattan's Franz Pick, expect the Reds to turn their gold into an economic weapon by using it to set up a gold-backed foreign trade ruble. Last week rumors flooded Wall Street that the Russians were up to precisely that. The advantages, said Pick, would be tremendous, since it would give the Russians a "respectable ruble" and make a sensational impression on underdeveloped countries.

Regardless of what the Russians do, the U.S. dollar is already getting its roughest ride in years. And it looked as if it would continue as long as foreign nations fear that a budget deficit estimated at \$11 billion or more next year will bring on new inflation in the U.S. and inevitably cheapen the dollar.

increase the competitive discipline that is a major safeguard against inflation."

For countries that depend heavily on one commodity for income, the report has some concrete suggestions to ease the blow when commodity prices fall. It suggests 1) a system of international credits to keep up the purchasing power of a hard-hit nation until prices recover, and 2) a "ceiling" and "floor" 10% above and below the average price of a commodity in a previous year, to mitigate wild fluctuations of commodity prices.

Again and again the report stresses the importance of private capital investment, which is twice the volume of U.S. aid. "The driving force in a free country comes from the initiative, imagination and willingness to assume responsibility on the part of innumerable individuals." To date, underdeveloped countries have neglected private capital. To encourage it, they must stabilize their currencies, check inflation, provide tax incentives to ensure that profits can be commensurate with risks. The U.S. could also provide tax incentives for the U.S. investors, extending the 14% reduction in corporate taxes enjoyed by companies investing in the Western Hemisphere.

Many of the tools, such as loan funds and technical assistance, needed to expand trade, says the report, already exist in United Nations agencies or bilateral agreements. But, the panel notes, they must be more fully implemented. The U.S. must provide more personnel to foreign nations, step up the spread of U.S. know-how, thus show the world an enthusiastic response to the economic challenge.

PERSONNEL

Ad Woman of the Year

"Advertising is a marvelous field for women. They have a warm personal approach and a concern for things that is very valuable. And there is certainly no gender in ideas." The speaker, not surprisingly, was a woman: Marge Sherman, 48, vice president of Manhattan's McCann-Erickson, Inc. named last week, by the Advertising Federation of America, as Advertising Woman of the Year.

Margot (born Alice Martha) Sherman started out as a newspaper reporter after graduating from the University of Michigan, joined McCann-Erickson in 1936 because "what I really liked was persuading people." Her flair for entertaining copy made her a top creative writer, earned a vice-presidency in 1949. Today she wears three hats. She is chairman of the Creative Plans Board, administrative director of the 300-man Creative Division, and takes a hand in the development of talent in the agency's training program.

Even more important is a fourth hat, the one she wears as Mrs. Charles D. Peet of Bronxville, wife of a Manhattan lawyer, mother of a son, 22, a daughter, 12. She and her husband duck Manhattan nightlife, spend most of their spare time at home with their family. Does Mrs. Peet find conflict in two careers in the family? "I get disgusted," she says, "with



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When your employees like working for you, they don't keep it a secret. Sooner or later the word gets back to you—maybe through the man in the gas station, your barber or neighbor—"I hear your company is a good place to work!"

You find it easier to attract and hold good workers, once the word gets around that your employees have protection against disability and hospital bills. A group accident and health plan can boost morale so high it may even show up in your profit statement.

It doesn't matter whether your business is large or small. Hardware Mutuals can offer your employees worry-free security against non-occupational accidents and sickness. This—with Hardware Mutuals workmen's compensa-

tion—gives your employees protection on and off the job, *around-the-clock!*

Look for Hardware Mutuals listing in the yellow pages of your phone book. Your Hardware Mutuals representative will be glad to discuss the Group Accident and Health Protection Plan that best fits your particular business. No obligation, of course. Call him today!



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Joyce Wilson
McCANN-ERICKSON'S SHERMAN
Easy on the gender.

people who try to emphasize 'the battle of the sexes'—always pitting men against women. I think the only important thing is for each person to live up to his own potential." Her advice to women who want a career and a happy home life too: "Find a very understanding gentleman to marry."

Changes of the Week

¶ Robert C. Kirkwood, 53, executive vice president since 1955 of F. W. Woolworth Co., largest U.S. variety-store chain (2,121 stores in the U.S., Canada and Cuba), was named president, succeeding James T. Leftwich, 69, who remains as chairman. Bob Kirkwood had decided on a career in pharmacy after high school, was lured away from a drugstore in his home town of Provo, Utah, by the glowing picture of dime-store opportunity painted by a local Woolworth manager. He started as a window trimmer, became a store manager in Denver at 20, soon proved to have the proper mixture for success; administrative talent with the ability to get along with people. He bossed stores in five cities across the nation, became manager of the Boston district before being called to Manhattan in 1954.

¶ George L. Cobb, 47, president of Zeller's Ltd., a Canadian variety-store chain affiliated with W. T. Grant Co., was appointed president of S. H. Kress & Co., sixth-largest U.S. variety-store chain (261 stores). He succeeds C. G. Trammell, who resigned in March with two vice presidents in an effort to avert a proxy fight threatened by the Kress Foundation, which holds 42% of Kress stock (TIME, March 3). Cobb was picked for the job by RCA Executive Committee Chairman Frank M. Folsom, who took over as chairman of the Kress executive committee after the foundation forced a change in Kress policy in an effort to halt slipping sales. Born in Auburn, Me., Cobb attend-

ed the University of Maine ('35), worked for Montgomery Ward as regional catalog-order manager before joining W. T. Grant, where he rose to become store planning director. He joined Zeller's Ltd. as executive vice president in 1955, became president in September of the same year. As Kress president, his job will be to open more stores, build up sales by stocking a wider selection of merchandise. Says he: "The day when variety store meant only candy, toys and notions is finished."

CORPORATIONS

Reading on Raytheon

At 14 of the nation's major airports last week, big new radar installations of spinning antennas and scanning screens were being readied for use as part of a \$13 million radar network that will eventually help control air traffic around 27 major U.S. cities. On Wall Street many a brokerage house tuned in with its own radar to take a reading on the firm responsible for the network: Raytheon Manufacturing Co. of Waltham, Mass. They liked what they saw so well that Raytheon stock moved to an alltime high of \$30 a share.

Last week Raytheon won a \$6,000,000 contract for the electronic controls of the Navy's new surface-to-air Tartar missile, announced a \$6,000,000 contract for development of a radically new sonar system for atomic submarines. To manufacture top-secret communications equipment for the Air Force, the firm is shopping around for a huge new factory that will add one-sixth more capacity to its plants, which are scattered from Massachusetts to California.

"Make Some Money." Raytheon was founded in 1922 by famed Massachusetts Institute of Technology Scientist Vannevar Bush and his onetime Tufts roommate, Laurence K. Marshall. It remained a midget until World War II, when its



James F. Coyne
RAYTHEON'S ADAMS
Up on the beam.

sales rocketed from \$4,400,000 to \$173 million. But the firm came so near to disaster in the postwar defense slump that its directors called in Yankee Banker Charles Francis Adams, of the famed Massachusetts Adamses, to put it back in shape. (Marshall resigned in 1948.) Adams found a storehouse of talented scientists. But they loved research more for its own sake than for profit. Adams began searching for ways to put their talents to work making money, later cut out such money-losing items as TV sets, decided that Raytheon's future lay in increasing Government work. He brought in Harold Geneen, former vice president of Jones & Laughlin Steel Corp., as executive vice president in 1956, told him: "Make some money."

Geneen rattled the structure of Raytheon so completely that the dust has just started to settle. He found "a \$200-million operation with management enough to run only a \$20 million company," a history of cases in which Raytheon developed and marketed a product only to lose out when hit by competition. To solve such problems, Geneen brought 32 executives into new management spots, reorganized the company into seven divisions, set a controller over each to exercise searching financial control.

Keep It Fluid. While it was changing its pace, Raytheon really went after military contracts, now does 80% of its business with the Government. It is the only U.S. electronics firm with prime contracts for two mass-production missiles (the Army's ground-to-air Hawk and the Navy's air-to-air Sparrow III), is subcontractor for electronic devices for twelve other missiles and for equipment for the B-52 and the B-58. It is also manufacturing transistors, and their successor spacitors, for everything from field radios to satellite innards, hopes to raise its \$60 million-a-year civilian business to \$150



Walter Daron
WOOLWORTH'S KIRKWOOD
Out of the window.

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Calculator offers savings
every second**



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Fresh up yourself
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habit you'll enjoy.

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Rohr is famous for designing and
adapting very special machines
for the precision manufacture
of a wide range of special
aircraft parts... just one of the
reasons Rohr has become the
world's largest producer of
components for flight.

It takes
precision
equipment

to solve
many
problems
of flight



ROHR
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

ROHR PLANT AND HEADQUARTERS: CHULA VISTA, CALIF.; PLANTS: RIVERSIDE, CALIF.; ASSEMBLY PLANTS: WYOMING, GA.; ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.

million by 1965 with such items as weather radar, tiny radar sets for pleasure boats, diathermy equipment for hospitals.

Adams and Geneen keep the company fluid against any change in the defense cycle by turning over their working capital fast (six times a year), keep to a minimum the money tied up in fixed assets or long-range projects. The formula has put peacetime muscles on the overtime war baby. From 1948 sales of \$53.7 million and profits before taxes of \$730,000, the company rose last year to sales of \$259 million and profits of \$11 million. Sales and profits the first quarter were up more than 50%. The backlog also rose during the quarter from \$260 million to \$350 million. Estimated earnings for this year: \$2.50 a share v. last year's \$2.42, which included a nonrecurring profit of 72%. Says Geneen: "There is nothing in the picture to suggest we'll be doing less than one-half billion dollars in business in the next three or four years."

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Pushbutton Camper. An experimental station wagon for campers, with a boat, tent, refrigerator, two-burner stove, sink with hot and cold running water, shower and curtain, was shown by Ford Motor Co. Power-operated equipment lifts the aluminum boat from its roof cradle and carries it overboard for launching. Power gadgets also erect a tent with a full-size bed, move the kitchen into the tailgate and thrust out a canopy to provide shade for the cook. Cost for experimental model: \$40,000; if produced in quantity: below \$15,000.

No-Iron Sheets. Cotton bed sheets and pillow cases that need no ironing were put on sale by Indian Head Mills, Inc. The sheets and matching pillow cases dry to a wrinkle-free finish in little more than half the time of ordinary sheets, are available in muslin and percale, white and striped. Prices: \$2.69 to \$3.69.

Help for Heels. Tough vinyl caps designed to protect lifts of women's shoes from wear and keep heels from splitting are being marketed by Liftsavers, Inc. of New York City. The caps slip easily over the heels, need no nailing or cementing, come in seven sizes and four colors. Price: 30¢ a pair.

Chocolate-Flavored Cereal. A chocolate-flavored, sweetened corn cereal, Cocoa Puffs, which is made by General Mills and has become the company's second biggest seller in Canada, is now being distributed to wholesalers and stores in the U.S. Price: about 27¢ for an 8½-oz. package.

Fastest Gun. A new electronic game to determine the fastest-drawing young cowpoke in the block was put on sale by Kilgore, Inc., Westerville, Ohio. Titled Fastest Gun, the game provides a plastic steer skull and two six-shooters (attached to 8-ft. wires) with plastic holsters. The boy who draws faster and pulls the trigger makes one eye in the skull light up and ring a bell. Price: \$12.98.

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By a Subscriber

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

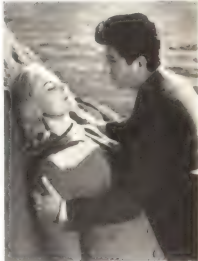
There's Always a Price Tag (Inter-mundia Films: Rank) is a tasty example of how the French can cook up something out of nothing. This picture contains no more than the usual ingredients of the standard Hollywood thriller—it is based on a mystery novel by James Hadley Chase—but Director Denys de la Patellière has prepared it to the king's taste. He tells the story of a wealthy drunk (Peter Van Eyck) who one day informs the greedy *zutopé* (Michèle Morgan) to whom he is married that he is going to commit suicide in a few minutes. But if he does that, she realizes instantly, she will not be able to collect the 300 million francs for which his life is insured. "You will have only a few hours," he adds dryly, reading her thoughts, "to disguise my suicide as a murder or an accident."

The wife picks up the challenge, and the rest of the story describes how she almost wins her dirty little game. She seduces the chauffeur (Daniel Gelin), who seduces the maid (Jocelyne Mercier), who thereupon becomes a pliable witness to all sorts of things she imagines she has seen. In the end it takes some very clever police work by a marvelously grimacious *flic* (Bernard Blier) to bring the criminals to book—but then, come to think of it, what crime have they committed?

Hot Spell (Hal Wallis: Paramount) is a sensitively observed and breathingly real tragedy of family life. Alma Duval (Shirley Booth) is a nice, warm, middle-aged body, given to sentiment, running to fat, the kind of woman whose world is bounded by porch and kitchen, husband and kids. She lives in a pleasant, old-fashioned house in a middle-class section of New Orleans, and her man (Anthony Quinn), a virile, still handsome Cajun ("They always stay young and excitable"), runs a successful employment agency. The three children are good-looking and intelligent. The oldest (Earl Holliman) is a live wire who works in his father's office and is obviously going to make out. The middle one is a girl (Shirley MacLaine) and pretty enough to keep the porch glider occupied almost every night of the week. The youngest (Clint Kimbrough) is the serious type, always reading poetry and such, and probably headed for college.

As far as the neighbors can see, the Duvals have a happy home, but the neighbors don't know the rest of it: the husband keeps a girl on the side, Ma knows that something is going on with him out every night and coming home high all the time. The kids know, too, but they never let on to Pa, and Ma never really lets on to herself. "If you keep calm," she likes to say, "everything will turn out for the best."

Family gatherings are generally pretty uncomfortable at the Duvals—the night of Pa's birthday, for instance. Ma bakes



MORGAN & GÉLIN in "PRICE TAG"
Such an expensive suicide.

him a big cake with 45 candles and gets presents for all the kids to give him, but when Pa turns up he's in a bad mood, and grouches around and says to hurry up supper, he has to go out that night. At table he argues with the girl about her latest beau and gets into the usual back-and-forth with the oldest boy about the business. Finally, it all winds up in a big fight and Pa insults the daughter's No. 1 prospect (Warren Stevens) and then stomps off to the pool hall with the younger boy, leaving Alma to face another of those long, long evenings alone, fooling around the kitchen, wondering what has gone wrong.

Pa has his version of that, and over at the poolroom he tries to make the kid understand. "Look, kid," he says,



QUINN & BOOTH in "HOT SPELL"
Such a hoppy home.

"This whole thing, the obligations, the routine, it can all get to be like a trap. Now you take your mother, Billy, she doesn't understand this. Oh, it ain't that I don't love my family; it's just that—it ain't enough. I mean, a man's got an obligation to himself, too, to be happy the best way he can. D'y'understand? But how can a kid that age understand? Pa gives up and buys him a beer and goes off to see his girl.

That night, though, when he gets home, Alma is still up, and she sees the lipstick on his shirt, and they have a row, and it all comes out. "She's not cheap," he shouts back. "She's young and kinda lost. I'm her world. It's like I was 20 again, the way I never was, the way you and me never knew love could be like." She slaps him then, and he walks out, and the next day he comes back for his clothes. "I've tried; I've done my best," he tells her. "I've stayed and I've provided. Now I'm not going to stay here and grow old and die, I've wanted something better than this. You had the children, [and] you loved them the way you could never love a man." Alma doesn't understand, but she forgives. "Jack," she sniffs. "I'll be worrying about you." "Alma," he sighs for the last time. "I'm not your child." And she replies, quite unaware of what she is really saying: "Oh, yes you are, yes you are. You always were and you always will be."

The story goes on, and goes pretty far wrong at the end, but up to this point, in scene after scene, the spectator's heart is touched with recognitions. Moreover, the acting in all the major roles is wonderfully full and natural, and for that and for all the picture's graces of execution, credit is due to Director Daniel (Come Back, Little Sheba) Mann. But the leading virtue of this film derives from James Poe's screenplay; and ultimately from Lonnie Coleman's play, from which it was adapted. That virtue is maturity of feeling—the rare ability to take people as they are and life as it comes.

CURRENT & CHOICE

This Angry Age. A strong but uneven picture, derived from *The Sea Wall*, a memorable novel about French pioneers in Indo-China; with Anthony Perkins and Jo Van Fleet (TIME, June 9).

Gigi. Colette's slender novelette, larded up with production values and brought forth as a big fat musical; but the show is saved by Cecil Beaton's fruitfully *fin de siècle* sets and costumes—a cinemuseum of exquisite eyecores (TIME, May 19).

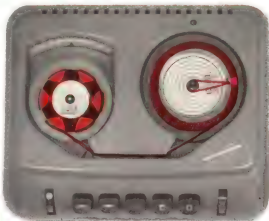
The Young Lions. Irwin Shaw's best-seller about World War II, clarified by an intelligent script and two gifted actors, Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift (TIME, April 14).

Stage Struck. Local girl making good on Broadway—the hard way; with Susan Strasberg, Henry Fonda (TIME, April 7).

The Enemy Below. A DE (Robert Mitchum) and a U-boat (Curt Jürgens) tangling in a running fracas sharply directed by Dick Powell (TIME, Jan. 13).

TIME, JUNE 23, 1958

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BOOKS

Endless Flow

THE HARD BLUE SKY (466 pp.)—
Shirley Ann Grau—Knopf [\$5].

Shirley Ann Grau's first book of short stories, *The Black Prince* (TIME, Jan. 24, 1955), was so good that many readers have been impatiently waiting for the first of the "even dozen" novels she hoped to write. But having written the first one, she discarded it. *The Hard Blue Sky* is her second, and while it is not for the wastebasket, it is additional proof that Author Grau is a born short-story writer. She could make the ordinary Negroes and whites of *The Black Prince* seem special and even important. But in nearly 500 pages of *The Hard Blue Sky*, its poor-white fishermen wear out their fictional welcome.

A mixture of French and Spanish, with a trace of Negro and Indian now and again, they live on the Isle aux Chiens in the Gulf of Mexico. The kids run in packs; no one seems to mind the casual sleeping around, and gossip is the bloodstream of social life. When the men are not fishing or working on their boats, they drink and brawl. As Catholics, they sometimes go to the church at a mainland town and give a welcome of sorts to the priest when he visits the island. But tempers are quick, violence is always near the surface, and the blazing heat is the most prominent fact of life.

Author Grau tells of these offbeat, touchy folk with the air of a summer visitor who is too intelligent and human to write them off as simply quaint but not sufficiently involved to look beyond their idiosyncrasies and surface emotions. A young girl suffering from growing pains has a couple of grubby love affairs. A boy courts a girl on a neighboring island, and so freshens an old feud that results in senseless violence. Ancient Mamere



Elliott Erwitt—Mogem

NOVELIST GRAU
Heat is a fact of life.



VICTIMS OF THE WARSAW GHETTO
Horror was a fact of death.

Associated Press

Terrebonne putters around, dreams of the old days and is never surprised by island foolishness because she has seen it all before. And always there is gossip and long-winded conversation that bring to mind a remark once made by Author Grau: "If I get hold of something that seems to be flowing, I can work all day long."

Life on Isle aux Chiens flows along endlessly, and she leaves it just where she found it. It is a pity that Author Grau did not wrap up the island in one of her fine short stories that have the knack of checking a perpetual flow and explaining its course.

Graveyard Epic

NOTES FROM THE WARSAW GHETTO:
THE JOURNAL OF EMMANUEL RINGELBLUM
(369 pp.)—Edited and Translated by
Jacob Sloan—McGraw-Hill [\$5.95].

This book aspires to "an epic calm . . . the calm of the graveyard." The graveyard is the Warsaw ghetto. The epic is the story of the last hopeless resistance of 500,000 Jews to their Nazi exterminators. Nearly two decades after the event, the reader feels not only horror but a sense of wonder at having lived through a time that gave birth to such crimes.

This book was literally dug up. It is a translation of records that were scribbled in Yiddish and Hebrew. They were sealed (in a milk can) and buried at a secret point in the ghetto. Not until 1946 did searchers find them in bombed Warsaw's featureless rubble. The man who originally compiled, wrote and preserved the records was named Emmanuel Ringelblum, a teacher of history; he recalls Noach Levinson, hero of John Hersey's bestselling novel, *The Wall*, who was supposed to have preserved archives of the Warsaw ghetto. In 1939 Ringelblum was safe in Switzerland, but he went back home to Warsaw to share the fate of his fellow Jews, and to record the manner of their end. Ringelblum and his friends recruited

a kind of intelligence staff who, with fantastic dedication, took time off from the task of survival to write notes on what they saw and suffered.

Remnants of Gallows' Humor. Only slowly did the full content of the Hitler horror dawn on the Warsaw Jews. At first it seemed that in the German victory over Poland, they would only exchange one anti-Semitic prison for another. Even when that illusion died, much wry humor remained. The Germans were "the others." An "organist" was a reliably bribed German or official. A "musical" was a man who would take an occasional bribe. "Caterpillar tanks" was the word for those refugees so heavily burdened with their belongings that they could barely crawl. Deported Jews coming into Poland wearing J.U.D.E patches stitched on their clothing said the initials stood for "End of Italy and Germany" (*Italiani und Deutschlands Ende*).

But even gallows' humor wore thin as the Germans developed their policy of divide and kill. The leaders of the Jewish community were conscripted into a council and forced to help doom their own people. They had to deliver a certain quota of slave laborers, and so it was agents of the council itself who fingered the victims. Another council—the Thirteen—came into being. Its job was to tie oil the last artery of hope, the flow of smuggled goods from somewhere outside hell. The Thirteen hoped to buy time from the Nazis, and many a Jew hoped to buy time from the Thirteen. Corruption at the top was symbolized by a party given by one of the Thirteen for Gestapo officers; it cost 25,000 zlotys. At the dregs of the ghetto, corruption was symbolized by the episode of a furnished woman who stole a bagel still enjoying a morsel while the blows of the bagel seller fell upon her.

No One Left. These notes have all the casual aspect of horror encountered in nightmares. One account records, in the midst of gossip about prices, the story of a baby thrown from a refugee train. Another

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDERS. Both Benjamin Clayton (left) and his brother, William L. Clayton, have had insurance with this company since 1908



KARSH, COTTON

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

er tells of "benzine poured over a young Jew" and fired. So common was death in the ghetto courtyards that the dead lay unburied, and children were seen at a game of "tickling the corpse."

This book is a penance to read, redeemed from sheer horror only by a few episodes, such as the Jewish tailors working on a German army order and sewing pockets upside down on uniforms, or the story of the men who argued that the Israelis' true revenge was to forgive their enemies. Above all, there is the bravery of Emmanuel Ringelblum, who continued to set down the terrible truth until, when there seemed almost no one left to kill, he was executed with his wife and son Uri.

Solid Gold Scrooge

GULBENKIAN (289 pp.)—John Lodwick, in collaboration with D. H. Young—Doubleday (\$4).

MR FIVE PER CENT (261 pp.)—Ralph Hewins—Rinehart (\$4).

At seven, Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian got a Turkish five-shilling piece as a present and promptly rushed to the bazaar with it to buy an old coin. The boy's father unprophetically chided Calouste on his earliest recorded financial deal: "If that's the way you're going to use your money, you'll end up in the gutter."

In the remaining 70 years of his life, Calouste Gulbenkian caught precious few glimpses of gutters, particularly since in young manhood he developed the habit of sprinting from a rented limousine to the door of his destination in morbid fear of assassination. As he became a legendary oil financier and fabled art collector, Gulbenkian also kept on collecting what he most loved: money. When he died in 1955, his five-shilling piece had grown to an estimated \$420 million, his annual income to \$14 million.

While he lived he seemed to have little more than a Sunday-supplement existence as the world's richest "mystery man," a tag arising from his genuine passion for obscurity. Death, with an assist from two biographers, now appears to be restoring Calouste Gulbenkian to the living.

No man was closer to Gulbenkian, but a few men were near him. In *Gulbenkian*, Biographer Lodwick draws on the slightly embittered memories of David Young, for 26 years Gulbenkian's secretary. In *Mr Five Per Cent*, Biographer Hewins relies on the even-tempered viewpoint of Gulbenkian's only son, Nubar, now 62 and described as a flamboyantly bearded and monocled devotee of fox hunts, orchids and Rolls-Royces. Both books are unevenly written and a shade hero-worshipful. What emerges from each is a curiously fascinating bifocal vision that combines moments of startling intimacy with impersonal middle-distance reporting of Middle Eastern oil developments.

Magic Money. Gulbenkian was an Armenian, but he did not rise from rags to riches. His father, Sarkis, was a prosperous kerosene importer in suburban Constantinople. Calouste adopted an old Arab proverb as his first business maxim while

palm-priming the sultan's retinue with bakshesh: "The hand you dare not bite, kiss it." Priming himself with a civil engineering degree at London's King's College, Calouste visited the Baku oilfields in 1888, and in his 20th year wrote an authoritative hook on the Baku petroleum industry. It was the overture to decades of what Gulbenkian called "orchestrations"—concessions, mergers, consortia, nervy negotiations, adamant patience. The conclusion consisted of the words "to C. S. Gulbenkian . . . in perpetuity, 5% of the Iraq Petroleum Co. Ltd.

As both biographies suggest, money on a big scale becomes a kind of magic potion. Common crotchets are taken for the stigma of genius; petty fears mushroom to paranoia. A Gulbenkian day began with setting-up exercises. Swedish massage and



Associated Press

MYSTERY MAN GULBENKIAN
Kiss the hand you dare not bite.

a bowl of yoghurt. Mr Five Per Cent was a health addict, and for a time lived on a massive diet of carrots washed down with turnip juice. His father had lived to 106, and Gulbenkian fully expected to reach 120. To avoid dust, he sat only on leather cushions, slept on a leather mattress, and had the air of his Paris mansion filtered through silk screens and fine sprays of water. He reduced his hand-shake proffering only the index and middle fingers. For reasons known only to the great mystery man, he preferred cotton to toilet paper. He slept exactly six hours per night, and declared that he permitted himself no dreams. He once spoke of Freud as a great talent gone to waste.

The Rhythm Section. To feel Gulbenkian's anger, an acquaintance once said, was "to know the electric chair without death." The danger signal was an open-palmed slap, slap, slap on the bald dome, often followed by the saliva-flecked roar, "You are a broken reed!" If Gulbenkian was something of a solid gold Scrooge, he

also had Scroogian fears. According to Young, the sordid 1920 murder of a Manhattan pawnbroker named Gulbenkian, no kin, scared him out of ever visiting the U.S. He reputedly kept a ton and a half of gold in his London safes, presumably against a rainy day. An electrified barricade surrounded his Paris home, together with innumerable burglar alarms, watchdogs and a platoon of private guards and spies. Life with father was a perpetual war of nerves for wife Navarte, son Nubar and daughter Rita. At 8 a.m., Papa Gulbenkian arranged a series of staggered telephone calls so he could keep tabs on their whereabouts throughout the day. The entire family had to beg him for money with Oriental humility. He once snorted during a murder play, "Ridiculous! In my house the purchase of the poison would be noticed at once in the household accounts."

If the everlasting detail of work was Gulbenkian's religion, art and women were his sports. In art, Gulbenkian polished his own tastes, finally acquired by shrewd trading what was one of the finest private collections in the world, ranging from Rembrandts and Rubenses to Paul Chabas' famed *September Morn*. As for women, "a varied sexual experience is necessary to the rhythm of life," he once told Secretary Young. "It quiets, it deadens, and it diversifies." For the rhythm section of his life, Gulbenkian required a new girl about once every three months. He seemed to prefer the Eliza Doolittle type. There was a discreet "mistress of the mistresses' wardrobes" who handled the social polishing as well as the farewell sobs, frequently stilled by generous sums (average: \$30,000).

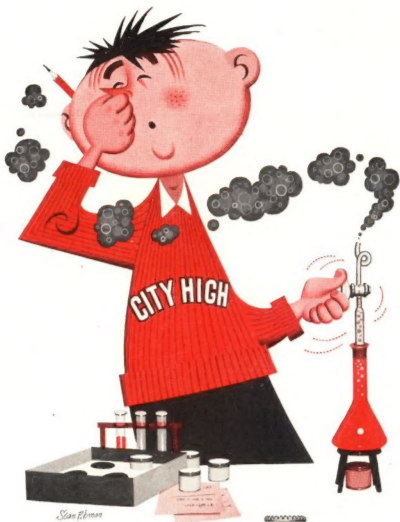
Children in the Museum. During the last 13 years of his life, Gulbenkian lived in a drearily furnished suite of Lisbon's posh little Hotel Aviz, voluntarily separated from his wife and family and the paintings which he sentimentally called "my children." When an old friend pressed him to enliven the bare walls of his rooms with at least one painting, Gulbenkian replied in a rare moment of embitterment, "Do you honestly suppose that besides myself there are fifty men in the world who look at my collection other than through a mist of dollars?" Lost in the mist of millions himself, Gulbenkian fashioned an heir after his own heart, the Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation, which is preparing to house the art collection in Lisbon. On July 30, 1955, alone save for a nurse and secretary, Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian, 86, kissed the last hand he could not bite—death's.

Stately Tome

EUSTACE AND HILDA (736 pp.)—L. P. Hartley—British Book Centre (\$5.95).

Once upon a novel, and a very leisurely time it was, a time resembled a sheaf of obituary notices: it took various characters from the cradle to the grave and firmly left them there. Nowadays, when a novel may resemble anything from an unrhymed poem to an unprintable pamphlet

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or an analyst's case book, there is something refreshing about this old-style trilogy (its component novels were published in the U.S. more than a decade ago, but this is the first U.S. publication of all three in a package). Most remarkable fact about this work: Novelist L. P.* Hartley manages to sustain interest in several essentially drab, dim characters over 736 closely printed pages.

The drab is a girl named Hilda, and the dim is a boy named Eustace. Their family name is Cherrington, and they start out in a modest, money-haunted, middle-class way during that long Saturday afternoon—the sunlit late-Edwardian, early-Georgian period. Hilda is vibrant and dry-adlike—the sort of girl most men cannot stay away from, but should. Eustace cannot, which is particularly unfortunate since they are brother and sister. So an overstuffed couch of near incest trundles along through two decades. In Novel No. 1, entitled *The Shrimp and the Anemone* (Eustace, of course, is the poor shrimp and Hilda the voracious anemone), the pair spends a lot of time in the nursery or playing with sand castles on the seashore. But the plump, inadequate little boy and the domineering sister live on to play out their roles in real castles. Eustace is a birthright snob, smart, in his way, and nice to old ladies. One of them is a rich Miss Fothergill who—with solid cash though otherwise in the manner of Dickens' Miss Havisham in *Great Expectations*—becomes little Eustace's patroness.

In Novel No. 2, *The Sixth Heaven*, Eustace has turned into a pet of the Oxford esthetes. He has still not made it to the Stately Home set, but this social beatification is only a matter of time. Sister Hilda and he are invited to Anchorstone Hall, ancestral padded seat of the Staveleys, a proud family said to have their coat of arms embroidered even on the bath mats. Dashing Dick Staveley, M.P., is the very man who used to knock down Eustace's sand castles. Now he falls in love with Hilda, and takes her up in his private airplane. "The empyrean that had received Hilda had at last received them all . . . The absolute sense of spiritual well-being that Eustace had coveted all his life now enveloped him." Unfortunately, Novel No. 3, *Eustace and Hilda*, does not carry the pair farther into the empyrean but in the opposite direction. Hilda ends up jilted, a psychological wreck with "a slight squint, a drooping eyelid," while Eustace turns into a dead shrimp deprived of the loving tentacles of his anemone.

The book is essentially a brass-rubbing on the tomb of a dead society. In his introduction, Lord David Cecil (*The Young Melbourne*) talks of a "masterpiece" and describes certain passages as among "the most beautiful in all modern English literature." While the trilogy plainly fails to live up to this exaggerated billing, it remains a well-written, well-crafted work. Another of the Stately Tomes of England has been thrown open to the public.

* Not for Long Playing, as some weary readers may suspect, but for Leslie Potes.

MISCELLANY

Landslide. In West Hollywood, Fla., voters elected a mayor, defeated on the same ballot a proposal to incorporate the town, with the result that Frank Polage is the new mayor of no place.

Reversed Charge. In Draper, Utah, the state prison received a long-distance telephone call from Escapee George Stone, who said he had called "just to see how things are."

Ivory Tower. Near Nalbari, India, the referee of a soccer game, caught in a spectator riot, escaped on the back of an elephant.

Slakedown. In Plainville, Conn., Police Chief Louis Datoli noticed two youngsters drinking soda pop near a headquarters vending machine, asked a third bystander kid why he was not drinking also, was told: "Those were the only two dimes I had."

Spaniel in the Lions' Den. In Chicago, Arsonist Isaac Wilson completely destroyed the Christ Temple Church of the Pentecostal Assembly of the World, later offered the explanation that he had been refused permission to take his dog to Sunday services.

Bobbery. In London, the House of Commons passed a bill under which the fine for insulting a policeman is raised from £2 to £10.

Whetstone. In Youngstown, Ohio, when an amusement-park age guesser overestimated Mary Bowie, 33, she whipped out a switchblade knife, spat threats at him, had to be disarmed by police.

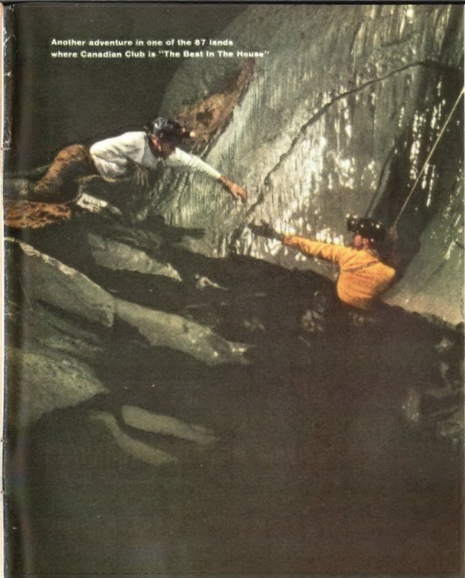
Ghost Writer. In Augusta, Ga., Merchant Sam Bruce made a quick phone call to a bank, learned that it was quite all right to cash a check written by Blue Monday of Dead Man's Alley, Langley, S.C.

Sinker. In Burnet, Texas, Dave Hawk took a commanding lead in the state bass-fishing tournament, reached shore, was given a summons by a game warden for catching too many fish.

Record. In Dayton, called upon to read the minutes of the last meeting of the Third Street Baptist Church's Sunshine Circle for Young People, substitute Secretary Sharon Parker stood up, said "20 minutes, six seconds," sat down.

Hedge Hopper. In Hot Springs, Ark., when State Trooper Glen Minton stopped a speeder and asked him why he was displaying on his windshield the campaign stickers of two rival candidates for municipal judge, the man said: "With my traffic record, I can't afford to be wrong."

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"



IN WET BLACKNESS of deep subterranean pit, amateur cave-explorer gets a hand from veteran

"spelunker" Bill Austin. Rubber knee pads help Austin grip ledge as he reaches for novice.



FANTASTIC STALACTITES were lit by lamps as "spelunkers" crawled through deep, labyrinthine tunnels of unexplored cavern.



SUPERSTITIOUS of cave's "evil spirits," local Indians had never ventured inside. No footprints were found on cave floor.



STALAGMITES LOST GLITTER outside cave. "Spelunkers" were glad to find Canadian Club awaiting them on return to Monterrey.

BLACKOUT RESCUE IN MEXICO'S SUB-CELLAR

"They call it 'spelunking' and the sport of cave exploring is as unusual as its name. In Mexico last month I found it was easier to get into a cave than to get out," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "Deep inside an unexplored cavern, a mud ledge gave way beneath me. Only my climbing rope saved me from a black oblivion. By the time my friend Bill Austin reached me, I wanted out. And fast. We made tracks for daylight. Back in the warm

sun of Monterrey, we drank to our luck. Canadian Club never tasted better." *Why this whisky's world-wide popularity?* Only Canadian Club has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch and the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, distillers of fine whiskies for 100 years. It's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

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